THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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LIGHT AND SHADE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Though cold without the bleak wind blows,
And desolation wastes the field,
Beside the hearth a summer throws
Around the heart a shield.

And yet the frosted window pane,
The snowy path out from our door,
Recall from memory's gloomy train
The chill of winters gone before.

On friends of whom we were bereft
We think with pain these trying hours,
The snow now lies where they were left
Amid the summer flowers.

And much that gave the heart repose
Is frozen like a winter breath,
And stiffened with the falling snows,
Or with the touch of death.

Yet near the fireside's trusty glow
We sit and sing our homely lays,
Without gleams white the cheerless snow,
Within shines clear the friendly blaze.

And as we wend our homeward way
'Mid summer's bloom, and winter's chill,
May we, though shadows shroud the day,
Await in trust His will. MARIE S. L.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

FOES AND FRIENDS.

A wild scene of excitement and confusion followed the death-blow, with loud cries, shouts, and even shrieks, a rushing of numbers to the scene of the tragedy, and a filling of the little, close apartment with horror-struck persons of both sexes. As the unfortunate Mason uttered the words recorded at the close of the preceding chapter, he sunk lifeless into my arms. Instantly I laid him down on a settee, and called to the spectators to stand back and give him air. As I bent over him, I saw a red stain upon his white vest, over the region of the heart, and a thrill of pity and horror shot through my breast. So young, so rich, so promising, and such an end! I tore away his dress, the bosom of his shirt, and found my worst fears confirmed. The steel had pierced his heart, and all was over. There was no motion there now—the pulse was still—the breath had ceased—the soul had fled—the man was dead.

Ah! serious, solemn thought: in how much had I contributed to bring about this awful result? My conscience did not accuse me of a wrong, for I had meant none; I had simply endeavored to save an honorable gentleman from being swindled by a sharper; and yet I could but reflect that if I had not been there, the terrible tragedy might not have happened. We are forced to tremble sometimes at finding ourselves the dread instruments of a Higher Power!

"Edward Mason is dead!" said I to the excited spectators.

"Where is the murderer?" was the almost universal cry.

He had escaped, but there were fierce men in pursuit of him. His Spanish companions were now looked for, but could not be found. In the midst of the excitement, Captain Sebastian came in in haste.

"Let me pass!" he cried, almost fiercely; and, as the crowd parted, he came striding up to me. The expression of his face was something as I had seen it at the time when he had been so eager to take my life. "Well," he said, addressing me as though he held me responsible for what had occurred, "what is this I hear?"

I silently pointed to the corpse. Perhaps, under the exciting circumstances, his harsh manner of address ought to be excused.

"Dead?"

"Quite, sir!"

"How did it happen? the truth now!" he demanded, looking fiercely at me.

My proud blood began to grow heated. I was not in the habit of being addressed in so imperious a way.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Sebastian! but your request for the particulars, sounds very much like a command!"

"And suppose it does, sir? is this a time to stand on ceremony?"

"This is a time for one gentleman to be respectful to another."

"Will you answer my question?"

"If put in a proper manner."

He looked at me, as if meditating an angry rejoinder; but finally said, in a somewhat modulated tone:

"I wish to know the particulars of this young man's death!"

I gave him a brief statement of the whole affair; while the crowd around us became very dense, all eagerly looking and listening.

"You say then," he pursued, after reflecting a moment upon what I had said, "that Edward Mason first struck Don Diego, and afterward seized him and threatened his life in case he should attempt to carry off the money he had won?"

"The money he had not *honestly* won."

"How do you know, sir?"

"Because I detected him at cheating."

"Not if your first statement is correct!" he boldly contradicted, with a sweeping glance around upon the by-standers. "By your own showing, sir, you debased yourself so far as to play the spy upon Don Diego; but the fact of *your* finding a card, at the last moment, in a place where it is so evident you *desired* to find it, is no proof that *he* either put it there or knew it to be there."

"For shame! for shame!" cried several voices; but whether intended for him or me, I was not altogether certain—though, as to the design of the Captain himself, there could be no mistake.

"Sir," said I, drawing myself haughtily up, and speaking with all the dignified scorn and bitterness I could command, "you clearly intend to insult and stigmatise me, for the purpose of screening a base gambler, cheat and murderer, whom you had the effrontery to introduce among gentlemen as your friend; but, sir, that villain must not escape! the blood of his victim here at our feet is a loud cry for vengeance! Nay, no threatening looks and gestures! I *will* speak now, and I *will* be heard! Who is this base villain you have brought among gentlemen, to swindle and murder? and why are you so anxious to cover up his iniquities by foully aspersing my character? This is the second time you have insulted me without cause; and your eagerness on the former occasion to take my life as one of an organized band of cut-throats, but poorly accorded with your cautious counsel and actions when the real bandits were to be pursued and hunted down. What is the meaning of all this? If you can justify one cut-throat, perhaps you can another! If one villain is your *friend*, perhaps they *all* are! Who knows but that you have an understanding with these men? but that you are one of them? but that you are yourself a chief among them?"

My words increased the excitement to a fearful degree. The Captain, at first full of furious rage, with the blood of passion rushing into his fierce eyes, would undoubtedly have struck me, only that, his intention being perceived, he was seized and held by some of the by-standers till I had concluded, and then he was pale enough, and looked like a man who had received a startling shock.

"Good God!" he gasped, looking wildly around upon the spectators; "you do not believe the ravings of this man?"

"No! no!" cried several voices; but many were silent, and others muttered words I did not hear.

"I will have his heart's blood now!" shouted Sebastian, making another frantic effort to break away from the men that held him.

"No! no! there has been blood enough shed here to-night!" said a stern voice; and the next moment the struggling Captain was forced back into the crowd, which closed in around him.

"Ah, Leslie, my friend, what a terrible scene is this!" cried Ernest La Grange, struggling forward and seizing my hand. "Oh, merciful God," he continued, looking down at the corpse, "what a doom! what a fate! Poor fellow! poor fellow! Are you sure he is dead?"

"You are a doctor as well as myself, Ernest," said I; "pray decide the question for yourself."

He bent over the body for a brief time, and then said, with tearful eyes:

"Alas! alas! all is over! Come, Leslie, you must leave the house at once. After what has passed between you and Captain Sebastian, it will not do for you to meet again to-night; and (he added in a lower tone) I hope and pray you may never meet again. Gentlemen," he pursued, addressing the spectators, "I suppose a coroner's inquest will be necessary in this case, and therefore it will be as well to let the corpse remain where it is. Ha! Duval, he was your friend, and we will leave the body in your charge. We have ladies with us, and are compelled to go now. Come, Leslie, come with me—I must not lose sight of you again."

He took my arm and we worked our way through the crowd, several gentlemen speaking words of approval to me, saying I had only justly retorted on my insulter and that they were my friends. We entered another apartment, where a dozen frightened servants stood huddled together, and where were also two or three groups of ladies, earnestly conversing in those low, solemn, mysterious tones so generally used when discussing some startling fact or calamity. The moment we appeared, the ladies all hurried forward and surrounded us; and I beheld my little Cora shrinking and trembling among them, flushing and paling alternately, and altogether seeming a good deal agitated. Alice was there too; but proud, erect, calm and firm. There were also several others present that I knew, and among them Flora Sebastian, looking stern and haughty, as if aware, as she probably was, of my quarrel with her father. I was asked for the particulars of the tragedy, and I gave the leading facts in as concise a manner as possible, which were generally received with expressions of pity and horror.

"It is quite evident, sir," said the angry and haughty Flora, "that if you had not been present, the terrible affair would not have occurred."

"And it is quite as evident, Miss Sebastian, that if I had not been born, I should not have been present!" returned I, with a studied bow. "The fact of my being present, however, did not make your father's friend a *sharper*,—it only exposed him."

"Sir," cried the angry lady, with flashing eyes, "this is not the proper place to insult the family of Sebastian!"

Before I had time to reply, Miss Alice Brandon exclaimed, with haughty dignity:

"It seems to be the chosen place, though, for the family of Sebastian to insult their guests!"

"I was not addressing you, Miss Brandon!" said Miss Sebastian, with a look of mortal hate.

"But you were addressing my friend—an honorable gentleman, to whom I am indebted for my life—and therefore it is quite proper I should let him see I am his *friend* and against all his *enemies*."

"Indeed!" rejoined Flora, with a haughty toss of her head, and turning abruptly away. "Doctor La Grange," she said, addressing Ernest, "I would like a word with you."

As they drew apart from all the rest, the trembling Cora timidly exclaimed:

"Oh, Alice, let us leave here at once and go home!"

"With all my heart!" was the response.

Turning to me, she requested me to order the horses, which I did immediately, though such was the excited state of the negro servants that it was some quarter of an hour before I succeeded in getting them to the door.

We finally left the mansion of Captain Sebastian as quietly as possible, without any parting words with the family. The scene, within doors and without, was still one of considerable excitement, and many of the other guests were also leaving in haste. The negroes had left their quarters and gathered around the dwelling, eager to pick up further news, and we encountered groups and rows of bright eyes and black, anxious faces. The men who had gone in pursuit of the murderer, had nearly all returned, with the report that he had succeeded in gaining the nearest wood and escaping in the darkness.

The distance between Captain Sebastian's and Colonel Brandon's was something like five miles, with a good road, leading through here and there a belt of wood, but mostly between open cotton fields. I looked at my watch just before starting, and saw it was nearly one o'clock in the morning. It was a clear, beautiful night in October, and a late moon was just lifting its ragged disk above the eastern horizon, and sending a broad stream of pale, silvery light across a level, romantic scene, giving to here and there an object a kind of mysterious relief, and seemingly burying others in deeper shadows than before. Under different circumstances, with the girl of my heart by my side, I should have felt all the poetical and romantic beauties of the time and place; but now my mind was in a whirl of contending emotions, and my soul heavy with the awful tragedy of which I had been a witness, and in which to some extent I had been an actor. I had not only seen a young and promising man sent out of existence by the blow of a villain, but I had been most grossly insulted by having his meanest villainy imputed to myself. And what must follow this? I could see but one way to settle the affair according to Southern ideas of honor. We would have to meet as deadly foes and put life against life; and then I might either find a bloody grave myself, or have the blood of a fellow being on my soul. It was not a pleasant contemplation, but I was sternly resolved to advance upon my fate and abide the issue.

For the first quarter or half a mile from the mansion of Captain Sebastian, we rode forward in silence—Ernest La Grange by the side of Alice Brandon, and myself by the side of Cora. We had come hither in gay spirits, and we were going homeward in gloom, each of us busy with sad thoughts. Was it a sigh—a gentle, timid sigh—that broke in upon my painful meditation? I rode closer to the side of my fair companion and laid one hand lightly upon her arm.

"Cora," said I, "I fear I have unintentionally been the cause of great trouble and sorrow to-night!"

She turned her head aside, and seemed to be struggling with her emotions, and I could see that her whole frame was agitated.

"You have heard me relate my story," pursued I, "and do you think me to blame?"

"Oh, would to God we had not come!" she feebly replied, in a choking voice, and with a gush of tears that she evidently could no longer repress.

For five or ten minutes she now wept and sobbed as if her heart would break; and during all that time I remained silent, thinking it best to let nature have its way. Besides, what could I say or do in the way of consolation? Whether I was in the right or wrong, the deed was done and the consequences must follow.

At length she dried her eyes, and in a calmer, but still low and tremulous voice, said:

"You ask me if I think you to blame! I can not say I do—for I believe you acted with a clear conscience—but, oh! it is so terrible to think how you are involved. You have had a quarrel with Captain Sebastian—what will be the result of that?"

"I cannot say."

"You men are so fiery, so determined, so desperate, that your quarrels can seldom be settled except by blood. It is this I fear now!"

"You fear, Cora?"

"Oh, yes, I tremble to think of it! Tell me—tell me, Doctor——"

"Nay, Cora, have I not more than once requested you to drop that cold title in addressing me?"

She hesitated for a moment or two, and then resumed in a low, tremulous tone, and my name never sounded sweeter to my ears than when it fell from her sweet lips.

"Tell me, Leslie, if a challenge has passed between you and Captain Sebastian?"

"Not yet."

"Not yet, you say—then you expect there will?"

"Do not let us talk of these things, Cora!"

"Oh, yes! yes! I must talk of them! Oh, Heaven! you will meet, and they say he is the best swordsman in the country and a dead shot?"

"What then? He has already had one shot at me and missed."

"But in that case you know his aim was disturbed!"

"And may it not be again? God rules: the same Providence still exists."

"Oh, no, Leslie, you will be killed!"

"Not unless God wills."

"Oh, you must not meet!"

"How can it be avoided and my honor maintained?"

"You must quit the country—for a time at least!"

"Would that save my honor?"

"It might your life!"

"But what is life without honor?" returned I, gloomily; "who would care for me then?"

She suddenly turned her face toward me; and at that moment the moon shone clear and bright upon it, and disclosed every lineament so full of tenderness and love, with the soft blue eyes swimming in tears, that I could have clasped her to my heart and welcomed the shaft of death that could then and there have pierced our human hearts and made us immortal. She did not speak, and soon turned aside her lovely face to weep.

As yet I had not disclosed my passion. I had, in the brief time we had been alone together, and conversed together, endeavored to make her see and feel and understand that she was more to me than all others I had ever known; but I had not said so in words; nor did I ever intend to have said so till I had first asked her father's consent to my suit; and yet circumstances had so placed me—so forced me forward beyond my design—there was already so much passing between us in that silent and secret language of the soul—there was here too such time and opportunity, amid the pressure of great events, as might never again be mine—that I felt as it were compelled to speak.

"Cora," I said, pressing close to her side, while our horses walked on quietly, over a smooth road, across a beautiful plain, all bathed in the silver flood of the ascending moon, "it is natural for all living things to cling to life; and now, in the very pride and strength of early manhood, with a hopeful future, so to speak, stretching before me, I confess that life would have its charms, were it even to be as before we met—before these eyes beheld that which could change this cold earth into a glowing Heaven—for where the soul finds happiness, there Heaven is indeed. Before I saw you, dear Cora, I say, life had for me its charms; but since then it has become a thousand fold more sweet and attractive; for in you I fancy I have seen all that was wanting to fill the void of my heart, satisfy the cravings of my soul, perfect the measure of my earthly bliss; and yet I would not have ventured to tell you this now, on our comparatively brief acquaintance, only that the sudden crowding together of startling and uncertain events seems to render it necessary if I would speak at all. What is to come, God only knows; but let come what may, of this dear Cora rest assured, that while this heart beats it will ever beat for you! Do not be startled, dear girl, at my bold speech; do not fear that I am about to try you with any question that you may not feel prepared to answer; I ask nothing beyond what I have received. If your looks, your words, your tones, your tears, have not told me a grateful truth, let me for the time rest in a happy delusion!"

When I ceased speaking, I discovered that Cora was weeping; but she made no reply, and for some distance we rode on in silence. Ernest and Alice were before us, but no longer in sight; though we could not see far, owing to the slight undulations of the ground and the uncertain light of the moon.

"Had we not better ride faster," said I, at length, "and endeavor to keep company with our friends?"

Cora started, as if with surprise, looked quickly around, and then urged forward her palfrey at a fast gallop.

For nearly two miles we kept on at the same pace, and then we came up with the others, who were waiting for us near a small belt of wood.

"We were beginning to fear you had missed your way, or that some accident had happened to you!" said Ernest, as we rode up.

"We might have come faster than we did, though I think you two must have been running a race!" returned I, in as light and careless a tone as I could assume.

"Here, Cora," said Ernest, "ride on and talk with Alice for a few minutes, as I would like to have a few private words with my friend."

We fell behind the ladies; and when we found ourselves alone, Ernest grasped my hand, and held it for some time without speaking.

"Leslie," he said at length, in a choked and tremulous voice, "God bless you!"

"My dear fellow," returned I, in an off-hand way—though I could have clasped him to my heart and cried like a child, so affected was I with various contending emotions—"do not speak as if you were taking your eternal leave of me!"

"If it had been any one else!"

"Yourself for instance?"

"Yes, even myself, rather than you!"

"Pshaw!" said I; "this is sheer nonsense, Ernest! Let us look the affair boldly in the face! I am deeply sorry to have been in any way connected with the death of that noble young fellow, Edward Mason; but I do not blame myself for what I did, as I acted at his request and for the best—though I am now prepared to give you a more serious homily on the evils of gaming than I did yesterday. Let that pass, however. As to the insult I received, I flatter myself I retorted in a becoming spirit; and it is just possible I spoke more truth and hit home harder than most of the listeners were aware. Well, the summing of that is a duel of course."

"But a duel with whom, Leslie?"

"He must be a gentleman, or at least pass for one."

"Captain Sebastian passes for such, and as such I suppose you will have to meet him—but I tremble for the result!"

"Do not, my dear friend! leave the result to fate!"

"He is the best swordsman in the country."

"That is nothing, in case he challenges me, for I shall choose pistols."

"But he is a dead shot."

"So am I."

"Then you may both be killed!"

"God knows."

"My feelings have tempted me to advise you to leave the country for a time."

"But your sense of propriety overcame the temptation?"

"With the advice of Alice."

"Ha! she thinks I must fight?"

"She says your honor must be maintained, and, if challenged, you must meet your foe."

"She is right, Ernest."

"Unfortunately she is. But she thinks you are not compelled to challenge—that the onus is on him."

"We will consider that, if he fails in his duty. My dear little Cora has not the strength of mind of her noble sister, but I love her none the less for that. Poor girl! she would have had me fly to save my life."

"Then you already know her heart, Leslie?"

"I am satisfied, my friend."

"Ah! for all our sakes, may God send you a safe deliverance from the gathering perils!"

At this moment we heard the distant baying of hounds, and, mingled with these familiar sounds, the faint, mellow notes of a bugle. Looking away to the left, far in the distance, we saw the sparkle of fire-lights.

"Some party out on a fire-hunt," remarked Ernest; "but the moon must be spoiling their sport."

"It is just possible there may be other than honest hunters in this region to-night!" said I.

He looked at me a few moments, as if struck or startled at the idea, and then replied:

"You may be right—we have had warning enough to teach us caution. Let us ride on and rejoin the ladies, and at least be on our guard! All things considered, it would perhaps have been more prudent to have brought some armed servants with us!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE SPANISH VILLAIN.

But little more was said during the rest of our way back to Colonel Brandon's. We passed two dwellings—one of which was dark, and in the other burned a light—but we did not stop at either. The party we had seen away to the left, gave us some uneasiness, for the line of their course was such as to intersect ours, and as we both advanced we gradually drew nearer to each other.

"After what has happened in this region, it is well enough to be cautious," said Ernest, as he found we were really coming together; "but I think we shall find these men to be some of our neighbors, who have been out on a deer-hunt, or perhaps after a stray bear. And that reminds me that Judge Templeton had two of his bee-hives upset the other night by these impudent, honey-loving beasts."

"At all events," returned I, "if they are marauders, they are very foolish and careless ones, to move so openly and make so much noise while passing over Colonel Brandon's plantation

in the direct line of his dwelling! Hark! as I live, I do believe I hear the voice of the Yankee, Caleb Stebbins."

"Then we may be pretty sure there is no danger, if he is there by his own free choice," remarked Alice.

"But he comes of fighting stock, please recollect! His grandfather, you know——"

"Oh, yes, I know," interrupted Alice, "for I have heard about him often enough—at least as often as once a day ever since he has been with us. But no matter: he is, I believe, an honest fellow in the main, and certainly once did me good service, which I have not forgotten."

Now it so chanced that both parties of us reached the dwelling about the same time, we just sufficiently in advance to get the ladies into the house before the others rode up. It was, as we had surmised, a hunting party, consisting of Caleb Stebbins, Peter Reichstadt, two of Colonel Brandon's overseers, and four negroes, two of the latter carrying something resembling iron baskets (in which to burn pine knots) with long handles attached and swung over their shoulders.

"Hallo!" cried Caleb, riding forward as soon as he discovered us; "so you've got back, hey? Wal, I'm glad on't, for you're jest the chaps I want tu see. We've ben out on a hunt, and catched so'thing we didn't go for, I mum! Come and look, and tell us what to du, for we're in a kind of a quand'ry. Here, you Jim and Jerry, fetch him along here, and let these ere gentlemen see what they can make of him! He's either crazy, or some dern rascal or other, or so'thing else, or else I don' know. Anyhow, he's wounded, and I want the doctors to look at him."

As may be supposed, our curiosity was a good deal excited by these remarks, which we could not understand at all; and we were not a little surprised to see a couple of the negroes come forward with a horse, on which there appeared to be a man, strapped down along the back of the beast.

"Good heavens! what have we got here?" exclaimed Ernest.

"I hopes, gentlem, you won't blame us, arter you've heard all about it!" said one of the overseers, in a deprecating tone. "You see we didn't know what sort o' critter it war when the dogs had him up in the tree, and I shot and brung him down, and arter that he tried to stab me and git away, and so we concluded to fix him safe, and fetch him home, and let the Kurnyel hev a look onto him."

While the man was speaking, I went up to the wounded prisoner, and started as I fancied I recognised his dress. His face was away from me, in the shadow.

"Quick!" cried I; "turn the horse around!"

The negroes did so, and the moon shone full upon his dark, wicked features.

"Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, as soon as I saw that countenance; "the Providence of God is at work here! This is the villain, Don Diego—the murderer of Edward Mason!"

"You lie!" cried the wretch, gnashing his teeth; "I am no murderer; I struck only to save my life!"

"The law will settle that point when you come to your trial," was my answer.

"I am all amazement!" exclaimed Ernest.

"Great ginger!" cried Caleb, with uplifted hands; "you don't go for to say he's a murderer now? a rale, downright murderer, du you, Doctor? hey? hey?"

"At least I say we are just from the house of death—just from the corpse of a gentleman that he stabbed to the heart!" returned I.

"I wish it had been you!" gnashed the Spaniard.

"Tell us how this occurred? how and where you found this man?" said Ernest.

"Wall, you see, gentlem——"

"Guess mebbe I'd better tell the story, hadn't I neow?" interrupted Caleb. "You might be wanted for so'thing—tu tend tu the niggers, or so'thing, afore you'd done—and I've got lots of time."

"Go ahead then, schoolmaster!" grumbled the overseer.

"He calls me skule-master, 'cause I told him I teached one winter in the district skule," exclaimed Mr. Stebbins; "but of course I don't calculate I'm edicated like you doctors be, for all that—though I wouldn't knock under tu you, nor no man, at peddling tin—no, sir—that's a fact!"

"But get on with your story! or else let somebody else tell it!" cried I, impatiently.

"Jerusalem! yes, I guess so! Wal, you see, arter you'n' the gals—the young ladies I mean—'cause they're all ladies down South here, you know—leastways the white ones be——"

"Confound it, fellow," interrupted Ernest, stamping with anger, "if you are going to tell us how and where you found this man, do so at once, for we have something to do besides standing here all night listening to nonsense!"

"P-h-e-w!" whistled Caleb; "he's gittin as mad's all git out! Wal, Doctor La Grange, jest you tell me what you want to know now, and I'm right there, I mum to Guinea! Ax your questions now—or, as we used tu say down in Connecticut, fetch on your taters if you want 'em dug!"

"Go to the d—l!" cried Ernest, turning his back on the Yankee. Then addressing the other speaker: "Here, Brace," he said, "make short work of this, and answer my questions as briefly as possible! Where did you first find or see this man on the horse?"

"Up a tree, your honor!"

"Well, go on, tell the story, but make it as short as possible!"

"Wall, then, your honor, it war this here way. You see we was out in the woods, over yon, 'long the Teche bayou, nigh the Marling Swamp, follering up a deer, when the hounds changed thar tune and fotched up sudden under a big tree, barking and yelping as ef a b'ar was treed. Says I, 'It ar' a b'ar!' We com'd up and looked, the boys holding up thar torch-lights, and I seed so'thing black. 'Wait,' says I, 'but look out for a jump!' and I ups and fires. Down come the critter, ker-whop; and just as the dogs bounded on to him, I seed it war a man. I yelled and drew the brutes back, and went up, kind o' skeered, to hope I hadn't killed him, when up the scamp jumps, makes a blow at me with his dagger, which he stuck through my coat here, and started to run. 'No you don't!' says I—for I knowed then he war some —— hound as war arter no good—and so I gathered on to him, and fotched him under, and said we'd jest strap him to a hoss and fotch him home, of the rest 'ud agree, which they done to once. And the short on't is now, thar he ar', your honor, with his left arm broke by my rifle-ball, which let him down ker-ung."

It was a fact—an almost startling fact—a fact for the deepest reflection—that, by a strange, though perfectly natural, combination of circumstances, the murderer, who had escaped through an excited crowd, had thus been brought home to us and placed in our possession; and we could not but feel in full force the words of the great poet,

"There is a destiny which shapes our ends."

"It will be best, I think," said I, "to call up Colonel Brandon and take his advice."

"By all means!" replied Ernest.

Alice and Cora were of course all astonishment when we explained to them what had happened.

"It almost seems," said the former to me, "as if you and your travelling companions were sent here to foil villainy!"

"As long as I can find myself of use to my friends, I shall be contented to remain!" returned I.

"Then I am sure it will be long before you leave us!" was the pleasant rejoinder.

I glanced at Cora, and felt that her gentle heart echoed the words of her sister; and but for the fearful scene of the night, and the dread uncertainty which rose cloud-like between me and the bright future of hope, I should then have believed myself one of the happiest of mortals.

While Alice went to call her father, and acquaint him with the strange events of the last few hours, I suggested to Ernest that we had better have the Spaniard brought into the house and give proper attention to his wound, to which he agreed.

"We must disarm before we unbind him, and then keep a strong guard around him, for he is a desperate fellow," said I.

This was done—the Spaniard all the time cursing us in a most furious way. When he was finally placed on his feet, with three negroes holding and pushing him forward, he suddenly gathered his force, and struck one of them, with his unwounded arm, such a powerful blow, that the black staggered back and finally fell to the ground. This so astonished and frightened the others, that instinctively they let go their hold and retreated a pace; and taking advantage of the opportunity, the villain made a bound foward, and would undoubtedly have got clear of all of us, and made his escape from our very hands, had not the Dutchman fortunately stood directly in his path. He came against the latter with a force that would have upset most men; but Peter, like the rock he was called, stood firm; and catching the Spaniard in his brawny arms, he closed around him, with the hug of a bear, and, actually lifting him from his feet, bore him, kicking and struggling, into the house, where he threw him down on his back in no light manner, saying, as he spread himself over him, with one hand now closed upon his throat, actually choking him into quiet submission:

"Dare, shoost you makes youself pelief you was one leedle childs now, or, py cot, I chokes more tiefel out of you den ever was live mit the brimstone already!"

"Bravo, Peter!" cried I.

"Great ginger! you're a bull team and a hoss tu let now, Peter, you be, I mum!" exclaimed the excited Mr. Stebbins, who had taken good care to give the Spaniard a wide berth while there was danger in him.

"Ha! what is this?" said Colonel Brandon, who at this juncture made his appearance.

Ernest explained all in a few words.

"Let his feet and his unwounded arm be fast bound, and then place him in that arm-chair, and, if he still resist, bind him down to it!" was the stern order of Colonel Brandon.

This was soon accomplished.

"Now then, my young surgeons," pursued the Colonel, "see what you can do for his wound!"

The scene was now a most striking and impressive one, and, had I been an artist, I should certainly have preserved it on canvas. In an arm-chair, in the centre of a large, square apartment—his feet tied together, one arm fastened close to his side, and the other hanging loose and dangling—with blood on the sleeve and hand, and on the white bosom of his shirt—his hat off, his long black hair dishevelled, his swarthy, sinister face now wearing the expression of a baffled fiend, his teeth grinding hard together, and his small, piercing black orbs glittering like an enraged serpent's—with the lights of three or four lamps, held in as many hands, shining full upon him, and the stern and curious looks of some fifteen or twenty persons, white and black, of both sexes, concentrated upon his wicked and vindictive countenance—in this condition, I say, sat the villainous sharper and murderer, the friend of Captain Sebastian, the Senor Don Diego Gomez de Calantre y Sombres.

"Now, gentlemen, look after his wound, and then we will look after his person!" said Colonel Brandon.

"I don't want any of your —— boy surgeons about me!" cried Don Diego; "and, least of all, such a bungling fool as you," he added, looking fiercely at me, "whose heart's blood I will live to have yet!"

"Have a care, sir!" said Colonel Brandon; "men have been hung in this part of the country before now for going a little too far!"

"Hang and be —— to you!" persisted the Spaniard: "I may as well be murdered one way as another."

"Proceed with your work, gentlemen!" said the Colonel; "never mind what he says; I am inclined to think he is about half fool and the rest villain!"

We ripped up the sleeve of the fellow's coat, and dressed his wound in spite of him; but if he could, he would have struck us. It was a serious affair. A ball had passed through the fleshy portion of his arm, above the elbow, just missing the artery, but shattering the bone. He had bled some, but hardly enough to weaken him. It was our opinion that the arm would have to be amputated; but we preferred leaving the matter to the decision of some more experienced and skilful surgeon. We dressed the wound as well as we could, and bound it up with some temporary splints.

"Now, then, sir," said Colonel Brandon, addressing the Spaniard when we had done, "I would like to know something more about you."

"Find it out then!" growled the prisoner.

"See here, sir," returned the Colonel, sternly, "such language and such bravado can do you no good, and may do you much harm. You have nothing to lose, and perhaps something to gain, by giving respectful answers to such questions as may be put to you."

"Well, set me free, and I will talk in any way you like!" rejoined the other.

"You are taking a very wrong course to gain your liberty!" said the Colonel, who had a motive of his own for drawing the fellow into conversation; "you cannot expect us to set you free till we know you deserve to be free!"

"Well, I do deserve to be free," returned the other boldly, but in a less fierce and defiant tone, "for I have done nothing but what can be justified before God and man."

"If that is the case, then let us talk the matter over calmly, and see if we all can come to the same conclusion. Remember, you are a stranger to me, and I believe to all present—that is, I understand that no one here ever met you until to-night."

"And it would have been a good deal better for all concerned if one of your party here had never met me at all!" returned the prisoner, with a wicked glance at me.

"That may be, sir; but that is not to the point. What I now wish to get at is, to know something more about you—where you were born? where you reside? what is your occupation? and so forth."

"Sir," replied the other, with an air of arrogant pride, "I am a Spanish nobleman!"

"But you speak our language almost as well as a native."

"I hope I speak it better than some of your natives!" returned the other, grimly glancing at one of the overseers, who was standing a little back. "But that is nothing!" he added, with a supercilious air; "I speak several languages quite as well."

"Dutch, among others?"

"Yes."

"Will you say something to Peter Reichstadt here in his own tongue?"

Don Diego fixed his eye on his late antagonist, and spoke a few words. The Dutchman started, clinched his hand, and took a step or two forward, as if intending to strike the Spaniard. I was certain the latter had insulted him; but I interposed, and told Peter he must not touch the prisoner now.

"What did he say to you?" inquired the Colonel.

The Dutchman scratched his head, and looked rather foolish, as he answered, slowly and reluctantly:

"I don't much speaks English good already, Gurnel; but I dinks it was dranslate for to say, I is one —— big fool!"

A general roar of laughter followed this announcement, in which every one joined, except the Spaniard and the Dutchman, who remained looking daggers at each other. It was not a time and place and occasion for merriment, and we all knew it and felt it, and yet for the life of us we could not help it. It was not so much the words, as the sheepish, comical look of Peter as he drawled them out. Even the Colonel laughed, though he tried his best to keep a serious face, and several of the blacks had to leave the room.

"I am now satisfied you can speak Dutch," at length resumed the Colonel, biting his lips; "but I am surprised that, under the circumstances, you should wish to insult every one around you and make them all your enemies."

"I don't ask any favors of anybody!" returned Don Diego, haughtily: "all I want is justice."

"Very well, sir—that we intend you shall have."

"If I can bear the pain of this shattered arm without wincing," pursued the other, boastfully, "I hardly think I shall shrink into nothing before the frowns of a few country clod-hoppers."

"But to go back to the subject in hand!" said Colonel Brandon. "You say you are a Spanish nobleman?"

"I am, sir."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"I decline to answer."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a nobleman, sir, and live on my means."

"Do you reside in this state?"

"When I am in it."

"Pray do not be insolent to *me!*" said the Colonel, quietly, but with such a peculiar gleam of his clear, gray eyes, that, for the first time, the gaze of the haughty-bearing Spaniard fell before it. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Crinoline is in a state of collapse. The dress in fashion at Paris, is a straight, narrow skirt, clinging close to the figure, with a long, sweeping train.

☞ An English lecturer, in speaking of this country, says "America is no place for fools." As soon as this fact was ascertained, he left.

☞ The Erie Despatch says that lightning-bugs would be an immense improvement on the gas they have in that city.

☞ California has a lake of borax which is producing largely. Heretofore all the borax of the world has come from a lake in Thibet in Asia, which an English company has monopolized, and from Northern Italy, where the production is small.

☞ Crebillion tells us of a Parisian woman who never had an experience of the heart until she was seventy-four, and the fury of her passion then caused her to commit suicide.

☞ There is danger in being too neat. An old lady in Bangor scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through into the cellar.

☞ If "all the world's a stage," who is the driver? The propounder of this query is only excusable because the quotation is hackneyed.

☞ A London carpenter, named Easter, has been killed by his wife with a poker, because he did not bring home all his wages.

☞ A friend asked of a pretty little child of six years old, "Which do you love best, your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of the questioner, "I love my cat the best, but please don't tell my doll."

☞ THE CIGAR SHIP.—The steam yacht Rose Winana, better known as the "Cigar Ship," is now lying in Chatham Harbor, England. It is stated that she will shortly leave for St. Petersburg, the Emperor of Russia having expressed a great desire to see her.

☞ An American citizen is now taxed about four times as much as a citizen of England.

☞ Seventy-one South London tradesmen were fined, in one week, for having in their possession unjust weights, scales, and measures.

☞ POCAHONTAS.—A Massachusetts antiquarian comes to the conclusion that the story of Pocahontas saving the life of Capt. John Smith, which for two hundred years has excited the wonder and admiration of the world, was invented by Capt. Smith himself.

☞ The Court of Cassation at Paris has decided that singing in the streets by night does not constitute the offence of nocturnal disturbance, unless aggravated by circumstances which change the character of the act and cause it to become a nuisance to the inhabitants. The proceedings which gave rise to that decision were a charge brought against four young men marching in company and singing a piece from the "Dame Blanche" at 9.45 P. M.

☞ The sum expended on telegrams by one mercantile house in London, amount to twenty-eight thousand pounds a year.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1867.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in THE POST of January 5th—the first number of the year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. We still are able to supply the back numbers of THE POST from the first of the year.

OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.

The different regions of the earth has each its peculiar inhabitants, the natural residence of every animal being fixed by the character of its organization. Thus the Fish, with all other gill-breathing animals, is naturally adapted to an aquatic life, and has all its organs modified to suit this mode of existence. So of the lung-breathing tribes, only capable of an atmospheric residence, the Birds are specially adapted for flight, the Mammalia for a surface life. Yet it is a strange and interesting fact that in all classes of animal life we find certain species enlarging the boundaries prescribed by their typical organization, and encroaching on the domains of other classes.

Thus in the Bird tribes we may instance the Ostrich as having deserted its natural region till it has lost all powers of flight, and the Penguin as having made itself native to the waters till its wings are almost turned into fins, and it is only at home when afloat.

Among the Mammalia we find one large order, the Bats, as aerial in their habits as any bird. Yet they are true Mammals, and it is only by the enormous development of their fingers and the extension of the skin from finger to finger that they are enabled to fly.

There are four other land animals capable of partial flight—the Flying Squirrel, Flying Opossum, and a member of the Monkey tribe, the Flying Lemur, whose powers are gained by an extension of the skin between the fore and hind legs,—it being remarkable that no animal, in these excursions out of its native domain, gains any new organ, but only a modification of the limbs and organs peculiar to its tribe. The fourth animal referred to is a small Reptile, that has gained the formidable title of the "Flying Dragon," its wings being an extension of the skin over the ribs, which are prolonged for this purpose. Of Fish there are two species which go under the name of Flying Fish, the power of sustaining themselves a short time above the water being due to the great development of the pectoral fins, answering to the finger bones of Land Animals. There is besides a remarkable extinct reptile, the Pterodactyl, in which only the first finger was unduly developed, and which is supposed to have had considerable powers of flight by means of a web stretched over this excessively long finger. We may also instance Insects, whose wings are considered to be a kind of dried gills, being replaced by gills in the lower worms. But perhaps the most peculiar of all flyers is the spider, which, born on its floating web, sails skyward in its own balloon.

Again we find Mammals making the water their habitual residence. Thus the Whale, Porpoise, Dolphin, and all others of the Cetacea, have every outward appearance of being true fish, yet are really Mammals, air-breathing, hot-blooded, their fins being really webbed finger-bones. So with the Seal, Walrus, Sea-Cow, &c.

A puzzling creature, the Ornithorhynchus, organized like a Mammal, with the bill of a Duck, webbed feet, covered with two kinds of hair, like those of the Seal and Otter, swimming like a fish, and burrowing like a Mole, is a being seeming to unite all kingdoms and habits.

The Spider here also furnishes us with a happy example, building himself an under-water cell, which he fills with air, and dwells secure in his Naiad palace. There are certain creatures happy in possessing lungs and gills at the same time, while others, as the Frogs and Toads, commence life with gills, but exchange them for lungs as they grow older and wiser, and certain curious embryo forms of Insects, living wholly in water, yet breathing air through spiracles in their tails, which are surrounded by a cup of hairs to keep off the water.

The inhabitants of the water appear, of all animals, least fitted to leave their native element; the gills, by means of which they extract the oxygen of the air dissolved in water, becoming useless in air, on account of the evaporation of their moisture. Yet these too make incursions on the territory of their neighbors. There are members of the Cuttle Fish and of the Crustacean tribes which come on shore to feed. Thus the Land Crab lives altogether ashore, ejecting water on its gills from stores laid up in certain pharyngal cells. Eels also frequently leave the water at night, coming ashore in search of frogs, slugs, &c., viands in great request in Eeldom; while there is a species of Indian fish which makes regular migrations overland, moving over seemingly impassable obstructions. Perhaps the most curious vagary of nature is that of marine animals, not only coming ashore, but even climbing trees, whether for purposes of discovery, recreation, or forage, we will not say. It is undeniable that there is a fish, the Climbing Perch, which can and does climb trees. So the Hermit Crab—a curious creature, who makes himself a residence out of an empty sea-shell, shutting the entrance with his foot, and leaves it in search of another as soon as he has grown too big for his palace—has species which are excellent climbers. There is also a species of marine shell versed in the climbing art.

So, native to the water as he is, it is easy to drown a fish, by simply shutting out the air from his residence, for so soon as he exhausts the oxygen of his water he is a defunct fish.

Of all animals there is none more adapted than Man for a surface residence, and none less inclined to acknowledge any boundary to his kingdom. There is no species of food distasteful to his palate, he uniting the tastes of the Carnivorous, Herbivorous, and even the Insectivorous animals; no degree of hot or cold sufficient to check his excursions; no mountain too high for his feet to climb; no ocean too wide for his ship to cross; while, since Nature has deprived him of wings and fins, he emulates the birds in his balloon, and visits the fishes in their natal halls in his diving bell.

These are a few instances, loosely thrown together, from that strange domain of Natural History, so full of remarkable adaptations, and so richly illustrative of the power and wisdom of the Creator.

☞ An English journal, in referring to the recent whipping of a young lady of seventeen by a schoolmaster at Cambridge, one of the suburbs of Boston, says in reference to the discussion at Cambridge upon the question:—

"It is a remarkable proof of the very primitive condition of the American mind in many respects, that in the States this question should need discussion."

We would inform the English journal in question, that it is only in a very few portions of the Union that such a question would need discussion.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JOSEPH II. AND HIS COURT. An Historical Novel. By L. MÜHLBACH, author of "Frederick the Great and His Court," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philadelphia.

AMATEUR DRAMAS FOR PARLOR THEATRICALS AND SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS. By GEORGE M. BAKER. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

"SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE." By PETROLEUM. V. NASBY, late Pastor of the Church of the New Dispensation, &c. His Ideas of Men, Politics and Things. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shephard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER. In Six Easy Lessons. By A. H. MONTEITH. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Rules for Green Skaters.

1. Never try to skate in two directions at once. This feat has often been attempted by new beginners; but never successfully. It always ends in sorrow.

2. Eat a few apples for refreshment's sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice for fast skaters to break their shins over. Fast skaters are your natural enemies, and should not be allowed to enjoy themselves peaceably.

3. Sit down occasionally, no matter where—right in the way of the rest of the party, if you want to. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down whenever he has an inclination to do so.

4. When you meet a particularly handsome lady, try to skate on both sides of her at once. This is very pretty, and sure to create a sensation. If the lady's big brother is in sight it is well to omit this.

5. Skate over all the small boys at once. Knock 'em down. It makes great fun, and—they like it.

6. If you skate into a hole in the ice take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.

7. If your skates are too slippery buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs till you find a pair that are not slippery.

8. In sitting down, do it gradually. Don't be too sudden; you may break the ice.

9. When you fall headlong, examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up. This will make every body think you fell because your skate was loose. Beginners always do, you know.

10. Wear a heavy overcoat or cloak till you get thoroughly warmed up, and then throw it off and let the wind cool you. This will insure you a fine cold that will last you as long as you live.

11. After you get so you can skate tolerably well, skate yourself sick immediately. Don't be reasonable about it; skate three or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand up. Do this every day, and it will be sure to make you sick at last; and then you may die, and that will be an excellent thing; it will be such a good example to the rest of the young people.

☞ Young ladies who get angry because they are "stared at" in the streets—perhaps by some near-sighted man, puzzled to know whether it is a friend or not—should be carefully kept in the house by their parents.

"If a cat may look at a king,
A man may look at a prettier thing."

☞ A few years ago some Indians, who saw several women baptized by immersion in the river at St. Joseph, Mo., a hole being cut in the ice for that purpose, imagining that the ceremony, which they could not understand, was to make them good, afterward brought their squaws, cut another hole in the ice near by, and gave them a ducking, in spite of their remonstrances.

☞ A number of iron nails, to the amount of nearly a pound, were found recently in the stomach of a cow killed at Mt. Vernon, Va. The cow had not shown any symptoms of gastric disturbance previous to being killed, although the nails looked as if they had been in her stomach for some time.

☞ A newly married couple, from Boston, went to Troy to spend the honeymoon recently, and enjoyed themselves so much that their first night was passed in a police station, instead of at the hotel. They had also to hand over $10 to a magistrate next morning.

☞ One kind of *bonbon*, invented by Girardin, of Paris, named "*les éphémères*," has become especially famous. "Sir," said an epicure who had tasted this *chef d'œuvre*, "your achievement is not a *bonbon*, it is a caress!" "Upon my word of honor," said another, "one might swear that he had all the flowers of Paradise in his mouth!" "For my part," said a youth, timidly, who had been present at the trial, "when I tasted it for the first time, I could have believed that Theresa was kissing me!"

☞ The prize decreed by the French Academy to whoever should discover an effectual remedy against cholera has not yet been claimed. But, according to a remark in *La France*, it should be adjudged to the editors of a certain little journal, *L'Audience*, who announced that complete exemption from cholera is observed among all their subscribers.

☞ M. Duree, the French entomologist, has fallen in love with a Parisian beauty, and the wits declare it is because of her beetle brows.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

A NIGHT RECEPTION—CAPITAL QUARTERS—BATHS AND BEDS—SUPPER—CHI CHI LIGHTS—A MAGNIFICENT FLOOR—A SINGULAR PHENOMENON—MONICAN WORSHIP—SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY—A PRETTY SUPERSTITION.

Night had fallen upon us some time before we had reached the base of the mountain, but as there were in our way no more ledges, shelves, ravines, and dangerous passes, but instead, an undulating, rather comfortable down-hill ride, with a clear, beautiful starlight, we decided to continue our descent and reach the village of the *Monicans*, making it the terminus of our day's journey.

Coming in upon the savage sun worshippers in the night, unannounced, taking them by surprise, as we were likely to do,—we were not quite sure that our reception would be a welcome, or even a peaceful one. But as we were friendly inclined, and in sufficient force to take care of ourselves in any probable emergency, we went on confidently, wondering something of course as to what would be the prominent features of our reception and night's entertainment. Our doubts upon such points were soon satisfactorily settled.

At the distance of about a league from the village we were met by a delegation of their chief men, five in number—old veteran gray heads, all of them; who had come out on foot to meet, bid us welcome, and conduct us to quarters already prepared for us. Being placed *en rapport* with us through the medium of Madam Cosmo, we were informed that the Monicans had been apprised of our intention to visit their valley before we left the *Val de Dulce*, and so they had been ten days preparing to make us quite comfortable whenever we should come among them. They had seen us wending our way down the mountain and so had sent out their chief men to bid us welcome, which they did in an outrageously eloquent harrangue, every soul of them spouting away in *Quecche* as loud and as fast as possible, the peculiar metallic diatonic of the dialect, making the composite tangle sound something like a shower of spike nails falling furiously on a sheet-iron surface.

We survived the infliction, however, and then followed our venerable guides into and through the village to a sort of temple built of *adobe*, and occupying a position in an open square, on the very verge of the mysterious lake. We had remarked that in our passage through the town, not a single soul of the inhabitants appeared, and our guides informed us that such was one of the ways in which they manifested their respect for strangers, though the manifestation was rarely called for, as the oldest among them had not seen five strangers in their whole lives.

We found the great hall of the temple fitted up especially for the reception of ourselves, while our servants were provided for in adjoining apartments, and even the accommodation of the horses, mules, and dogs had not been forgotten. In our quarters we found baths, separated by bamboo screens, beds of the soft, feathery and fragrant leaves of the *chi chi*, laid with pillows of the same material, spread with white covers of cotton, of domestic fabric, and the beds all placed in temporary bamboo alcoves with screens and folding doors.

In the centre of the apartment was prepared a table capacious enough to accommodate our entire party, spread with a sumptuous repast, most of the cooked material having been served hot while we were bathing and making our toilets. There were steaks and savory stews of the vicuna and Llama kid; chickens roasted, boiled, stewed, broiled and fricasseed; a variety of small pigeons roasted in pairs; eggs, fresh fish, cream, cakes of green maize, many vegetables, and more fruits, cocoa and coffee; and all in profusion; from which we argued that whether or not these Monican sun-worshippers and our friends of *el Val de Dulce* were blood relatives, kindred in their hospitality and superior cooking they certainly were.

Having remained in respectful attendance until we were all seated at table, our gray committee of reception withdrew, and we were left entirely masters of a very comfortable situation. During, and after supper, before retiring to our beds, we made observations of objects visible and some discoveries that were to us matters of considerable curiosity. First among these was the manner of lighting the great hall in which we were supping. It was simple, and so efficient, that I think no gas-lighted apartment of equal dimensions was ever more brilliantly illuminated. Suspended some four feet above the centre of the table was a sort of chandelier, curiously wrought in ornamental bamboo work, having four long and four short points, making an eight rayed star. Then in three circles close together, and in straight rows on all the points, were rings, or holes like those of a table castor, in which fitted little silver cups, covered and wicked, all receiving oil through small tubes from a circular central open reservoir that held, I should judge, about four gallons. This oil, as we subsequently learned, was expressed from the nut of the *chi chi* shrub, the leaves of which formed our beds.

If the traditions of the ancient Peruvian race are to be relied on in the premises, it was the oil of the *chi chi* that supplied the vestal lamps in all their sacred sun-temples. Certainly the sun would have been an unreasonable deity not to have been entirely satisfied with the incense of such. It is tinted a delicate rose color, never becomes gummy or rancid, and burns with a brilliant, steady flame, without smoke, and emits a pleasant odor, most like that of sandal wood.

The shrub which bears the nut grows profusely in the valley, both spontaneously and under cultivation; the nut itself, in size, shape, and a little in external color, resembling the common filbert, only that instead of being hard-shelled it has a tender, fine nettled husk, most, perhaps, like that of the pea, or ground-nut. It is a delicious nut eaten raw, but too rich and oily to admit of any considerable consumption in that state. The Monicans after pressing out the oil, mix the nut cake with an equal quantity of pounded maize, and make of the mixture very palatable bread, cakes, and puddings.

Besides the great central chandelier there were a good many lesser lights bracketed from the walls; and on a sort of altar or dais were three immense earthen flagons of the oil, and around them a great number of the small silver cup-lamps; none of them lighted however. But one of the reception committee informed us before retiring, that we were to help ourselves to these lamps when prepared to retire to bed.

Our next wonder and admiration was the floor of the great apartment. This was a fair, level surface, laid in marquetry of small, round pebbles, uniform in size and of every color, shade and hue that ever pebble or gem was. The color and modifications of every precious stone known to the lapidary was here reproduced in these beautiful pebbles, and being artistically laid in some solid cement in figures representing beasts, birds, serpents, fruits and flowers, and powerfully refracting the brilliant rays of light in varied colors from their million surfaces, the effect was more magnificent than the most vivid imagination can conceive of.

Then our attention went wandering over the walls, arched windows, alcoves, and the great dome over our heads—all a very miracle of art and ingenuity in the intricate, elaborate and always chaste fretwork of bamboo. The tall, arched windows were supplied with screens or shades of the most delicate workmanship, wrought in ornamental patterns, and one of them bore a representation of the crucifixion of our Saviour, more correct in execution, more artistic as a picture, than any engraving or painting of the scene I have ever looked upon.

It was late when we retired to rest, and not nearly as early as was our usual habit of rising when I awoke. But there was only myself and wife astir, and having dressed, at a suggestion from Minnie we sought the water front of the temple for the purpose of enjoying a quiet early lookout upon the waters of the mysterious Lake Thayandega, of which we had heard so many strange legends.

Our attention occupied with the beautiful pebble work under foot, we passed, unobservant of aught else, out of the great chamber, through a wide corridor and out upon a spacious balcony of bamboo that spanned the entire front of the temple, and elevated perhaps ten feet above the clear, crystal water that whispered in gentle little ripples against the base of the structure. Lifting our eyes and looking out abroad, such a scene of dazzling enchantment was presented as we had never gazed upon, never before imagined as having an existence.

There before us, lay the lake of *Thayandega*, circular in form, seven-eighths of a mile across, half its circumference, from the east, sweeping round either way to north and south, embraced by the village front, built quite down to the broad belt of beach, which by Nature was as brilliantly, though not so regularly, artistically laid as the floor of the temple, with the same beautiful, many-hued pebbles. On the western side the spurs, curving around and meeting the crescent horns of the village, rose an undulating amphitheatre of green hills, while from the very centre of the silver surfaced lake rose to the height of at least a hundred feet, gradually tapering from a base of perhaps twenty feet to five at its apex, an opaque column, its whole surface, from base to summit, more brilliantly beautiful than anything that art ever presented to the eye. Every color and hue that the prism ever gave to the view was flashed and radiated from the surface of the column, filling all the surrounding space with shafts of glancing colors beautiful beyond description.

A low, musical murmur running all along the shore on either hand drew our attention from the enchanted column, and we saw the sun worshipping Monicans, young and old, all clad in white garments, kneeling on the beach with clasped hands up raised, eyes fixed upon the mysterious shaft, and all lips vocal with the first low notes of a matin hymn of worship to their tutelar sun-deity. Gradually the notes rose and swelled out in volume and cadence, until the low murmur became a grand, thrilling anthem, chaunted harmoniously by the mingled voices of eight hundred devout worshippers, of all ages, from lisping childhood to wrinkled age.

Involuntarily sinking upon our knees, we mingled our voices with those of the Monicans—not in their simple, liquid *Quecche*, but in an earnest *di profundis*, done in Spanish, and if not as sincere, we were for the moment quite as devout and enthusiastic.

Gradually, as the sun rose higher in the heavens, the brilliant column faded, and as gradually the swelling anthem subsided, until at the end of three-quarters of an hour the vision was gone, all voices of praise were hushed.

The loud chanted chorus had aroused and called out our entire party, and the morning's worship ended, our venerable committee men having first ascertained our pleasure, marshalled their people of all ages and both sexes, and marched them through the temple in review, presenting personally all such as were not mere children. Then, after having formally welcomed and placed at our disposal the temple for so long as we should remain their guests, a sumptuous breakfast was prepared, after partaking of which we set about seeking a solution of the mystery pertaining to the strange phenomenon we had witnessed. We were not long resolving the riddle to natural causes.

The centre of the lake is fathomless, and the water in that part opaque. Then the shore all round inclining inward at a slight angle, paved with those brilliant thousand-hued pebbles, refract vividly from a given angle the rays of the morning sun, and the centre of the lake being the proper focal distance, the refracted rays meet there and construct that magnificent prismatic column. As the sun rises higher, the angle of refraction is gradually changed, and in about an hour the magic shaft entirely disappears.

The Monicans, however, would receive no such solution of the phenomenon. They bury all their dead by sinking them in the middle depths of the beautiful lake, their traditionary superstition being that uncontaminated by association or intercourse with their Spanish conquerors, and maintaining all the customs of their ancient race, they at death become immortal by being buried in the liquid depths of Thayandega, and that that magnificent prismatic column is planted there for an hour each morning by their beneficent sun-god, a brilliant monument marking the resting place of their immortal dead.

☞ It is estimated that the health of American women has improved twenty-five per cent. since they commenced wearing thick shoes.

☞ A Western artist had one thousand dollars' worth of tickets in the Crosby Opera House lottery. He drew fifteen dollars' worth of pictures.

☞ A girl only fifteen years old, with her brother, last week skated from Minneapolis, Minnesota, to Dayton, a distance of forty miles, in six hours.

☞ A few days since a farmer near Newark, N. J., was waited upon by a respectable looking gentleman, who said he had come to pay for a basket of apples which he had taken from the orchard when a boy sixteen years previously. He insisted upon paying not only the original value, but the interest.

Hunting with the Lasso.

The following amusing adventure is from Col. Marcy's "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border:"

A naval officer, many years ago, made the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his success was by no means decisive. The officer had, it appeared, by constant practice upon the ship, while making the long and tiresome voyage round the Horn, acquired very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able, at twenty or thirty paces, to throw the noose over the head of the negro cook at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill that, upon his arrival upon the coast of Southern California, he employed a guide, and mounted upon a well-trained horse, with his lasso properly coiled and ready for use, he one morning set out for the mountains, with the firm resolve of bagging a few grizzlies before night.

He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrific aspect amazed him not a little; but, as he had come out with a firm determination to capture a grizzly, in direct opposition to the advice of his guide, he resolved to show that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly he seized his lasso, and, riding up near the animal, gave it several rapid whirls above his head in the most artistic manner, and sent the noose directly around the bear's neck at the very first cast; but the animal, instead of taking to his heels and endeavoring to run away, as he had anticipated, very deliberately sat up on his haunches, facing his adversary, and commenced making a very careful examination of the rope. He turned his head from one side to the other in looking at it; he felt it with his paws, and scrutinized it very closely, as if it was something he could not comprehend.

In the meantime the officer had turned his horse in the opposite direction, and commenced applying the rowels to his sides most vigorously, with the confident expectation that he was to choke the bear to death, and drag him off in triumph; but, to his astonishment, the horse, with his utmost efforts, did not seem to advance. The great strain upon the lasso, however, began to choke the bear so much that he soon became enraged, and gave the rope several violent slaps, first with one paw and then with the other; but, finding that this did not relieve him, he seized the lasso with both paws, and commenced pulling it in hand over hand, or rather paw over paw, and bringing with it the horse and rider that were attached to the opposite extremity. The officer redoubled the application of both whip and spurs, but it was all of no avail—he had evidently "caught a Tartar;" and in spite of all the efforts of his horse he recoiled rather than advanced.

In this intensely exciting and critical juncture he cast a hasty glance to the rear, and, to his horror, found himself steadily backing towards the frightful monster, who sat up with his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his huge mouth wide open and frothing with rage, and sending forth the most terrific and deep-toned roars. He now, for the first time, felt seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to his rescue. The latter responded promptly, rode up, cut the lasso, and extricated the amateur gentleman from his perilous position. He was much rejoiced at his escape, and, in reply to the inquiry of the guide as to whether he desired to continue the hunt, he said it was getting so late that he believed he would capture no more grizzlies that day.

☞ A curious race came off on Cayuga Lake last week, between a man named Carr, the champion skater of New York, who was on skates, and a man named Cox, from Elmira, who ran without skates. The distance was seventy-five yards, and the stake was $100. At two P. M. the parties started, and the result was the defeat of Carr, his opponent with no skates arriving at the goal ten feet ahead. A great deal of money was lost on Carr, hundreds having bet on his winning the race.

☞ A jet of vapor of ether is now thrown upon parts subjected to surgical operations by an instrument made for the purpose, producing insensibility of the part in from two to four seconds. The patient becomes a spectator; "merely this and nothing more."

☞ The largest prize certificate, save one, which has been issued during the war, was on the role of the Fourth Auditor. The certificate is for $10,104.83, payable by the United States Navy Agent. The owner is Commander George M. Colvocoresses, a native of Greece, who commanded the steamer Suppiy, when she captured the prize Stephen Hart. The largest certificate ever issued was paid to William Budd, Acting Master Volunteer Navy, for prize Memphis, captured by the United States steamer Magnolia, amounting to $38,818.55.

☞ In London a singular accident on the underground railway has alarmed the many thousands who use that mode of conveyance in preference to the omnibusses. An iron girder, laid over the road, fell as a train was passing under it and crushed the last compartment like a paper bandbox, killing three persons, and probably the guard of the train, who lies with two legs broken at the hospital. A gentleman who had taken his seat with the others felt such a presentiment of evil that he got up, apologized to a lady as he passed out, and saved his life by taking another compartment.

☞ The mouth of the Amazon is large enough to take in the states of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. "Suppose it should do it," kindly suggests a Richmond paper.

☞ Onward-Opposition-to-Presbyterianism Hendrickson is the name of the son of a Hard-shell Baptist preacher in West Ely, Marion county, Missouri.

☞ The supposed object of Thomas Carlyle's anticipated visit to this country is to learn to speak and write the English language.

☞ An item of domestic income not yet taxed.—Income-patibility.

☞ What men want of reason for their opinions they usually supply and make up in rage."

"BARNUM TURNED LECTURER."

Having fairly exhausted each other monstrosity
Whose showing could add to his pelf,
The showman still focuses the world's curiosity
By cunningly showing himself. —*Post.*

☞ THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.—If there had been an Atlantic cable telegraph during the last war with England, the battle of New Orleans would not have been fought. Gen. Jackson won his victory fifteen days after peace was made at Ghent.

☞ Count Bismarck recently said: "The longer I am engaged in politics, the less becomes my confidence in human calculations." Most every politician arrives at the same conclusion before he reaches three score years.

Popular Mistakes.

The following stories are constantly reported in the newspapers, and as often as once a year they all find lodgment in one setting or another throughout the country. It is time they were set at rest.

Number One. That Charles Dickens is habitually in pecuniary difficulty; that he lives beyond his means, and is obliged to go into chancery once or twice a year. That he has made up with Mrs. Dickens and they now live together again.

Charles Dickens is not only in the yearly receipt of very large sums, both from his books and his readings, but he is one of the best business men in England, husbanding his means most judiciously, while his benevolence is nobly conspicuous. His wife has *not* come back to him, but still lives in her own establishment in London, while his residence is at Rochester, thirty miles away from the city.

Number Two. That one of Mr. Longfellow's daughters was born without arms; that she draws and paints beautifully with her feet.

This error arose from a photograph which, by a mistake in position, gave the impression of an armless child.

Number Three. That Samuel Rogers, the English poet, kept a million pound-note framed and hung up in his library.

This story was started by an Englishman in America, and was first printed in a foolish account of some London authors in a book called "Pen and Ink Sketches."

Number Four. That the lyrical poem beginning "I am old and blind" was written by John Milton.

The piece was written by a lady of Philadelphia, some years ago, who never pretended Milton had any thing to do with it.

Number Five. That Humboldt said of Bayard Taylor he had never met with a traveller who had gone over so much ground and seen so little.

This malicious anecdote was invented by an envious lecturer in New York, who wished to write down Taylor and write up himself.—*Boston Transcript.*

How a Man Stole a Town.

The story in the January number of the Atlantic Monthly of the man who stole a meeting-house has suggested to the editor of a New Hampshire paper the reported stealing of that portion of the town of Alton, in that State, which was formerly known as New Durham Gore. The legend runs thus:—"On a time, the possessors of the wilderness now comprising the towns of New Durham, Wakefield, Middleton, (which included Brookfield,) and that part of Alton known as New Durham Gore, agreed with a certain party to run out and duly bound a certain number of lots, each 100 by 169 rods, and if there was any land left, the party thus running out of the land should have it. The surveyor's name, we think, was Bryant, but whether he or his employers were the wicked party, we know not; suffice it to say, that instead of laying the lots out with right or square angles, as they were expected to do, the towns were laid out in lots with acute and obtuse angles, like diamonds, and consequently each contained much less land than was intended by the owners, while the wicked tricksters got for themselves the whole of New Durham Gore. To this day the good farmers of these towns are not only much discommoded by their diamond farms, but the increase in fencing is enormous."

COLOR OF THE SKY AT SUNRISE AND SUNSET.—The invention of spectrum analysis is daily receiving wider extension, and by Janssen has just been applied to meteorological researches. This investigator was led, from some observations made on the Faulhorn, to believe watery vapor had something to do with the absorption of solar rays in passing through the atmosphere. More exact research subsequently showed that aqueous vapor had the power of absorbing certain red and yellow rays, but is very transparent for the majority of these. From these it follows that aqueous vapors, when seen by transmitted light, should possess an orange color, and the thicker or denser the layer of this, the redder the color assumed by it. Now, it is just when the sun's rays are passing through the dense layer of vapor which surrounds the earth—that is, when the sun is rising or setting—that the red color is observed; and in the explanation given above we have probably the key to the phenomenon.

☞ WHAT THE FIGURES SAY.—The population of New York is pretty evenly divided between native and foreign born residents—but the natives are ahead about eighty-five thousand; yet the foreign element contains the greater number of voters. There are 51,500 native voters—while of those of foreign birth there are 77,475. Figures often make very strange revelations.

☞ A "Skatorial Queen," who has been turning the heads of nearly all the "slippery heels" of Philadelphia by her (?) graceful and artistic manipulations of the steels, turns out to be an Arch street jeweler, named Davis.—*New York Paper.*

☞ Horace Walpole's correspondent, Wm. Cole, was remarkable for what is called a "comfortable assurance." Dining with a party at Cambridge, he took up from the table a gold snuff-box belonging to a gentleman next to him, and bluntly remarked on its size, saying it was big enough to hold the freedom of a corporation. "Yes, Mr. Cole," replied the owner, "it would hold any freedom but yours."

☞ The key to the mother's heart is the baby. Keep that well oiled with praise, and you can unlock all the pantries in the house.

☞ "Time is money," said Franklin; but it doesn't follow that the multitude of those who have so great a quantity of such "money" on their hands are all capitalists.

☞ One of the Siamese Twins was drafted by the rebels during the late war, but was at last declared exempt on account of having an only brother depending on him for support.

☞ Pyrro, the ancient skeptic, after having exhausted his brain in trying to understand it, at length declared he did not know which was the real human life—the sleeping or the waking. "Do we," he asked, "dream during the night what we have experienced during the day? Or do we during the day dream about what we have experienced during the night?"

☞ An editor in France, who sold a free pass over a railroad that had been given him by the company, and the man who bought it have both been sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment.

☞ When is a man's muscle like a railroad? When he travels on it.

Fun from the Wires.

A New York paper say the subjoined message was handed into the Utica telegraph office by a gentleman of that city:

"*To* ——:

"Third Epistle of John, 13th and 14th verses."

By referring to the text it will be seen that there is quite a respectable letter contained in the verses designated, and a small amount of money saved; namely:

"I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write unto thee.

"But I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee. Greet the friends by name." [3 John, 13, 14.

A friend in Chicago says:

"The following message was sent from this place: 'Wait letter before writing Marsh:' and was received at destination. 'Wash hands before writing again.'"

The following is from Maine:

"A genuine 'pahdee,' quite aged, living some miles out of town, came into our office one day to sell some 'praties,' and seeing the instruments, battery, etc., said he had always wanted to ask *one* question; and this it: '*Is the wire hollow on the outside or on the inside?*'"

Foreign Messages are transmitted by telegraph between London and India in twenty-one hours. Many perplexing uncertainties and blunders are occasioned by the translators. The messages have to pass through seven different countries.

"Mr. Crawford, a member of Parliament, says he lately sent to India the following message: 'The news from America favors the holders.' When it was delivered in India it appeared in this form: 'The news from America savors of soldiers!'"—*Telegrapher.*

THREE CHILDREN RESCUED BY A DOG.—During the great storm last week three little children of Mr. Timothy Way, of Riverdale, Gloucester, Mass., while returning from school, became bewildered and exhausted, and were buried in the snow drifts. Fortunately, Mr. James Jeffs, accompanied by his dog, was wending his way to the school-house to see his children safely home, when the dog stopped at a drift and set up a loud barking, at the same time scratching away the snow. Mr. Jeffs suspected that something was wrong, and commenced to dig away the drift, when he soon found the three children, who were nearly frozen to death. They were taken home, and by prompt care and attention, resuscitated. Their escape from death was providential.

M. GIRANDIN, the great Paris confectioner, adopts a singular method to prevent the girls from stealing the sugar plums. The first day of her arrival the new clerk is shut up for nearly a day in the room where the reserves are kept, with permission to help herself freely to whatever she wants. She does not fail to avail herself of this permission, and enjoys the feast so much that she is sorry to be liberated from the place of confinement. But in a little while, she is seized with such a violent indigestion and heartburn, that she bitterly repents of her greediness, and becomes disgusted with sugar plums ever after. "I have in my employ," said M. Girandin, "girls who for six years have never put a *bonbon* to their lips."

MARK TWAIN, a California humorist about to visit the Atlantic States, in the printed programme of a lecture he was lately to give in San Jose, proposed to illustrate the cannibal propensities of the ancient islanders, by devouring a child in the presence of the audience, if some lady would furnish him one for the occasion. That part of the programme, however, was necessarily omitted, no maternal relative coming forward with a spare infant to enable him to carry out the illustration.

☞ The Government of India has declined to interfere in the Hindoo practice of taking dying people to the Ganges and smothering them in the sacred mud. The matter is to be left to public opinion.

☞ TRAGEDY.—In Kentucky, recently, a young Cuban, being crossed by the father in his passion for a young lady, declared that she should not be taken from him, and stabbed her, afterwards killing himself, in spite of her attempts, wounded as she was, to hinder him. He cut his throat and died immediately. His victim lingered forty hours in agony and then expired.

☞ The following advertisement is credited to the Birmingham Post of Dec. 16th, 1866:

"Wanted—a general servant, in a small family, where a man is kept. The housework and cooking all done by the members of the family. The gentleman of the house rises early, but prepares breakfast himself. All the washing is put out, and the kitchen is provided with every comfort and luxury. Cold meat and hash studiously avoided. Wages no object to a competent party. References and photographs exchanged. Address Y——, 48 Daily Post."

☞ An Irish spirit merchant announces that he has still for sale a small quantity of the whiskey drunk by the Prince of Wales, when H. R. H. was at Killarney.

☞ A recent storm in San Francisco included rain, wind, thunder, lightning, and a slight shock of earthquake.

☞ The front hair of the ladies in Paris is getting elevated to an alarming extent.

☞ The case of the liquor dealers of Greenfield, Indiana, for damages against a party of women who forcibly broke up their liquor stores some time ago, has recently been decided. The jury were out eighteen hours, and finally returned a verdict in favor of the liquor dealers for $625 damages.

☞ The search of the baggage of the foreign travellers in England and France will hereafter be merely nominal.

☞ London in 1866 had an estimated population of 3,037,991, as compared with 2,993,513 in 1865. In 1866 there were in London 107,968 births, and 80,139 deaths.

☞ The Alabama House of Representatives has passed a bill establishing a system of common school education for both whites and blacks.

☞ A Maine editor says he cannot imagine when editors have a leisure time, "unless it is after the ferryman carries us over the Styx—and then we have no doubt the fellow would besiege us for a puff of his boat."

☞ At Portland, Me., a few days since, a young lady was walking on a rough floor, and the heel of her boot caught in a board, twisting her leg so as to break it just below the knee.

☞ Troy has a "Praying Band." Its members go wherever they may be invited to pray.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A Tale of the South-West.

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" 12.	For 50	"	" 2.50	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth	80.00
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" 15.	For 75	"	" 2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs (4 octaves), worth	110.00
" 16.	For 200	"	" 2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums (5 octaves), worth	220.00
" 17.	For 40	"	" 2.50	"	one of Spencer's Repeating Rifles, with Globe and Peep sight, &c.,	55.00

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Something Worth Knowing.

People in general suppose that, by extracting and insulating what they conceive to be the nutritious principle or principles of any alimentary substance, they are able with greater certainty and effect to nourish the body of the sick and delicate. Thus we continually hear of strong beef-tea, pure arrow-root jelly, and the like, prepared with great care for such persons. But it will surprise many to hear that a dog, fed on the strongest beef-tea alone, rapidly emaciates, and dies within a short period; and that precisely the same consequences would ensue on confining the strongest man on the same food. It is also a fact that a dog fed on fine white bread (usually considered by far the most nutritive kind of bread) and water, both at discretion, does not live beyond the fiftieth day; and a rabbit or guinea pig, fed on the best wheat alone, dies, with all the symptoms of starvation, commonly within a fortnight, and sometimes much sooner. The same effects follow if they are fed on oats or barley, singly. An ass fed with rice boiled in water does not survive above a fortnight. The reason of all this is, that diversity of food, and a certain bulk, are essential to nutrition. It follows that strong soup, beef-tea, arrow-root, animal jellies, and such articles of food, should at all times be taken with some alimentary substance, and particularly with bread.

☞ We have good news for capitalists and everybody else. In the London Gazette of the twenty-seventh ultimo, appears the following startling notice of application for a patent:—"Frederick Maunder, of Barnstaple, for an invention for preventing the recurrence of periods of excessive speculation and panic." Talk of perpetual motion, squaring the circle, boxing the compass, or making ropes out of sand! All these labors combined are as nothing compared with this undertaking. Let it be imported to this country before the crash comes which is predicted for the present year.

☞ "Didn't you tell me you could hold the plough?" said the farmer to an Irishman he had taken on trial. "Be aisy, now," says Pat. 'How could I hould it an' two horses pullin' it away? Just stop the craytures and I'll hould it for ye."

☞ It is calculated that a dancing belle in one season traverses five hundred miles of floor.

Artificial Nests.

Artificial birds' nests are now made in Switzerland under the direction of the societies formed there for the protection of insectivorous birds. One of the members of a society of this description, who inhabits Vevey, having observed that many species of that kind select for nests the holes they find in the trunks of rotten trees, and that they consequently do not find it easy to settle in orchards where all the trees are in good condition, began, twenty-five years ago, to set up rotten trunks in his grounds; and since then he has no need to trouble himself in the least about clearing away caterpillars, that care being entirely left to his winged guests, who perform their duty admirably. His neighbors, on the contrary, who have not had this foresight, have had their orchards laid waste by a host of voracious insects. The Yverdun Society have gone the length of placing artificial nests even in the public walks and communal forests, on the borders of the lawns, &c. All those nests are now inhabited by hedge-sparrows, redstarts, creepers, and tomtits, all which may be found in Switzerland as high up as the perpetual snow-line. The same practice has found its way into Germany.

☞ A portion of the posterior half of Cardinal Richelieu's skull was recently discovered in France, and by order of the Government restored with great pomp and solemnity to the mausoleum originally erected in Paris to receive his remains. The Parisian sneer, usual on all such occasions, found expression next day in the following *bon mot:* "Ah yes! We have half his skull. Would that we had half his brains!"

☞ St. Augustine (Fla.) is said to be a delightful residence. The Examiner of that place, speaking of the great crop of oranges, says that 60,000 will be picked from the grove. A gentleman there writes that "they hang in rich yellow clusters from trees on the sides of the streets, and the soft air is redolent of their rich perfume."

☞ We derive from nature no fault that may not become a virtue, no virtue that may not degenerate into a fault.

☞ "This is tight work for the body," as the man said when the bear was hugging him.

OUR LANE.

When the grass springs, and soft winds blow,
And hawthorns wear the only snow;
When lads and lasses stop once more
To play about the school-house door;
And lambs are white upon the leas,
And stars on the horse-chestnut trees,
And birds begin to build again—
'Tis sweet to watch them in Our Lane.

When swallows have their summer made;
And lazy sheep move with the shade;
And the dew loiters on the grass,
Where sweet-breathed cows gaze as you pass;
When greedy trout leap by the mill;
And youth goes gaily down the hill—
Who would not be a lad again,
To meet his lassie in Our Lane!

When gossamer floats everywhere;
And golden apples scent the air;
And round about their ancient roots,
Vast pear trees shower their tiny fruits;
And red plums flush 'midst yellow leaves;
And summer-friends have left our eaves;
When oaks their leaves no longer hold,
And chestnut trees change green for gold;
And wheat is stacked and sown again—
Then wondrous tints light up Our Lane.

When cheeks look brighter 'gainst the snow;
And crimson holly-berries glow,
And ivy reigns, and yew trees sneer
At oak and elm, now sad and drear;
When apples all are pressed or stored,
And ants sit proudly by their hoard;
When pleasant paths look dull and gray,
And old men rest upon their way;
And blackbirds know not where to feast,
And all their pleasant songs have ceased—
Let them be thankful in Our Lane,
If hips and haws may yet remain.

Hearken to what wise blackbirds say;
"Our spring saw many a merry day;
In summer, there were strawberries;
In autumn, we'd the filbert trees:
We tasted all the year could bring,
To mellow autumn from bright spring;
If nuts and cherries all are gone,
There's something to look back upon:
We deem not life unjust because
It comes at last to hips and haws."

Too Handsome for Anything.

BY LORD LYTTON.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favorite with both his parents that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end."

A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed, old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him.

So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy, and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. "What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him?" said she to her husband. "Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take point with *him.*" "And why, love?" "Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar." "And that's true enough, my dear?" said the schoolmaster's wife. So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form.

They took our hero from school. "What profession shall he follow?" said his mother. "My first cousin is the Lord Chancellor," said his father; "let him go to the bar." The Lord Chancellor dined there that day: Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him. His lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer. "Send him to the bar!" said he; "no, no, that will never do!—send him to the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer." "And that's true enough, my lord!" said his mother.

So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the —— regiment of dragoons. Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and everybody laughed at him. "He is a great ass!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; "A horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; "If he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!" said Captain Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; "If he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet; "I say, Mr. Bumpemwell (to the ridingmaster,) make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."

"Pooh, sir, *he* will never ride better."

"And why the d—l will he not?"

"Bless you, colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz; "Very true!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem.

"We must out him!" said the colonel!

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut. Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the —— regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed!

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the colonel's relations.

"Very true!" said the world.

The parents were in despair! They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle. "He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet." So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in Parliament. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon—conned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English Constitution. He rose to speak.

"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.

"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sheered and *heared!* Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbors.

"Fairly broke down!" said another.

"To fond of his hair to have anything in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse; and many a county member had been declared a phœnix of promise upon half his merit. Not so, thought the heroes of corn laws.

"Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose.

"Nor men of business either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's.

"Poor creature!" said the civilest of the set. "He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again! this will never do; we must cough him down." And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it. "You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus, then, our hero paid his addresses. Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter.

"Easy to see his intentions," said one; "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"

"Handsome is that handsome does: he was turned out of the army and murdered his colonel," says another.

"Never marry a beauty," said a third.

"He can admire none but himself, and will have so many mistresses," said a fourth.

"Make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth.

"Spend your fortune," said a sixth.

"And break your heart," said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover; especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly, she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor and his coachmaker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for. Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business; he looked very distastefully at the Hyperion curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make you my heir," said he, "I expect you will continue the bank."

"Certainly, sir," said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle; "a pretty fellow for a banker."

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus.

"It is a dangerous thing," she said, timidly, "to marry a man so admired—will you always be faithful?"

"By Heaven!" cried the lover.

"Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumilion entering, the conversation was changed. But the day of the marriage was fixed, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricle. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences—"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she; "for your sake I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumilion!"

"Adorable condescension!" cried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumilion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony."

"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" was the reply. Away goes our hero to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

"I leave," said the testator (who I have before said was a bit of a satirist), "my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to"—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brode*)—"my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, painstaking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew, Ferdinand, my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not of beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will no doubt win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room.

He flew to his mistress; she was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terrible long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal. "I wish you every happiness," said Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—"but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!" And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumilion.

"Alas! sir," said the bailiff, as a day or two after the dissolution of Parliament he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy in a hackney-coach bound to the King's Bench, "alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

Good-night! a sweet voice laughing said;
And by the hope within me born,
I knew we only said good-night
To meet again at morn.

Good-night! one time it softly said;
And by the heavy heart I bore,
I knew full well we said good-night—
Good-night for evermore.

Ah, sweet it was to say good-night,
When morning could our joy restore;
What grief to part beneath the stars,
And meet on earth no more!

A Conductor Caught.

"Halloa, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up, or we shall leave you behind!"

The cars were waiting at a station of one of our Western railroads. The baggage master was busy with checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks—men, women and children were rushing for the cars and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive snorted and puffed and blowed.

A man carelessly dressed was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might easily have supposed that he was neither a man of wealth nor influence. The conductor of the train gave him a contemptuous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, called out—

"Halloa, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you behind!"

"Time enough, I reckon," replied the individual addressed, and he retained his seemingly listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage car. "All aboard!" cried the conductor. "Go on, Limpy!" said he, as he passed the lame, carelessly dressed man.

The lame man made no reply.

Just as the train was slowly moving away, the lame man stepped on to the platform of the last car, and walking in quietly, took a seat.

The train had moved on a few miles, when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

"Hand out your money here."

"I don't pay," replied the lame man, very quietly.

"Don't pay?"

"No, sir."

"We'll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station." And he seized the valise which was on the rack over the head of our friend.

"Better not be too rough, young man," returned the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet-bag for a moment; and seeing he could do no more then, he passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned looked up at the conductor, and asked him—

"Do you know to whom you were speaking just now?"

"No, sir."

"That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road."

"Are you sure of that, sir?" replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

"I know him."

The color rose a little in the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting his fare as usual.

Meanwhile, Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat—none of those near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor could tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come, perhaps, through no fault of his. He could revenge himself as he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it?

And yet, why should he care? He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When, a little orange peddler, he stood by the street crossings, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardships; he was respected now. Should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunt? Those who sat near him waited curiously to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side. He took his book from his pocket, the bank bills, the tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

"I resign my place, sir," he said.

The President looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning to the vacant seat at his side, said—

"Sit down, sir, I would like to talk with you."

As the young man sat down, the President turned to him a face in which there was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an undertone.

"My friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have been very injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so, I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to find another. But in future, remember to be polite to all you meet. You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears; and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take your book, sir. I shall tell no one of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing that has happened shall injure you. Your situation is still continued. Good-morning, sir."

The train of cars swept on, as many a train has done before; but within it a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus—*Don't judge from appearances.*

☞ GOOD SECURITY.—The Springfield Republican says: "A shrewd Boston bank president put it rather strong, but illustrated well the caution which exists among moneyed men, when he said, the other day, 'I want two dollars security for every one I lend.'"

☞ A young gentleman recently rescued a young lady who was in imminent danger of drowning. They are to be married soon. Moral: He saved her life and lost his senses.

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong,
We only make grief double,
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hands so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the day be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb:
Whilst stars are nightly shining,
And the heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

My First (and Last) Descent into a Lead-Mine.

I happened to be staying at a friend's house in one of the northern counties of England one summer, when it was suggested by our host that I should ride over to Authorpe, and see the splendid hydraulic engine which had been recently erected for the purpose of draining the lead-mines. My ardor was but slightly damped when I was told that an inspection of the engine was not to be accomplished without the hazard of a tiring and comparatively dangerous descent of the "climbing-way."

There were at the time I speak of but few hydraulic engines of the kind we proposed to visit, so the resolve to make the inspection was, in spite of its comparative danger to a novice, quickly formed. On arriving at the mine, we sent for the "captain" of the works, and under his directions, divested ourselves of all our clothes, and substituted the common working-dress of the miners; and each of us was furnished with a lump of clay about the size of an orange, into which (a hole being made with your thumb) a half-penny candle was inserted. Our party consisted of the captain, one of the miners, my cousin, and myself.

A few yards distant from the "coe" (or hut in which we had made our toilets) was a trap-door about a yard square, and this being opened, disclosed a nasty black-looking hole, that might have been "any depth," but which was, it seems, only sixty feet. On two of the opposite sides of the mine, and resting on little ledges in the angles, were long pieces of wood about three inches wide by about an inch and a half thick, and eighteen inches one above another. The captain (whom we will call Mr. Darnton) first descended, after him the miner, then my cousin, and last of all your humble servant. The mode of progression consisted in digging the outside edge of the soles of your boots into the side of the shaft, so as to get all the hold you could of the narrow ledges of the "stemples," as they are called; and as to your hands, you were cautioned not to lay hold of the nearest stemple to your shoulder, but rather to stoop and rest on the lowest one practicable; so that, in case of a foot slipping, the muscles of the arms might not be suddenly called upon when in the *comparatively relaxed position of a bent elbow.*

Sixty feet of this sort of work brought us to a gallery about five yards in length, and at the end of this was another sixty feet of climbing-way, and then another gallery, and so on, until we reached the "level," into which, at quarter-minute intervals, a tremendous body of water rushed through a cast-iron pipe about twenty inches in diameter. This intermittent little river—for it really was one in miniature—was the water lifted by the engine at every stroke—and she was making at that time four strokes a minute.

Our difficulties now had their commencement. "The engine, gentlemen," said our very intelligent guide, "is at the other end of that pipe, and the pipe is fifteen feet long. We must crawl through it, one at a time; and I can tell you it is rather an awkward journey. I will go first, and you can form an idea of the way of crawling by seeing what I do. Be careful to raise yourselves as high as you can when you hear the valve of the engine clap-to, for that is a sign she is beginning her stroke, and the water will be through like a shot; so mind and let it run under you, and take care it does not put your candle out."

We promised to observe all his cautions, and he at once crept into the pipe. There was something frightful about the whole affair, and the danger, seemed magnified by the tremendous noise of the valve every time it went-to on the return stroke. It was, even at our end of the pipe, like a clap of thunder, and seemed to shake the solid limestone rock against which we stood.

After about a minute's interval, we heard Darnton shout to us to come on, but be careful, and not enter more than one at a time, and for each to wait till the other had got well through.

My cousin now essayed the journey, and being, as he was, a sixteen-stone man, and forty-four inches round the chest, I felt exceedingly nervous on the score of his safe arrival at the other side. Having waited for the next lift of water to run off, he instantly entered the pipe; but on getting half-way through, he turned his shoulders too square, and was for a few moments quite fast, and before he could right himself again, the engine made another stroke; the consequence being that the water was instantly dammed up to his face, and the candle put out. A violent struggle and an involuntary raising of the body allowed the water to get away; and he had fortunately just time to get his breath and be ready for the next rush of water, which came with its usual tremendous force; but he was able to allow it to pass under him. By dint of great exertion, he emerged on the other side quite safe, but a good deal frightened.

I would now most willingly have retraced my steps, but did not like being "chaffed," so took my turn, and being of a thin habit of body, got safe through between the strokes of the engine; and now we were in the presence of the monster!

I could not accurately describe this splendid piece of machinery without the aid of diagrams. Suffice it to say, that she is driven by an upright column of water about two hundred and eighty feet high, and takes the pressure just as a steam-engine would—namely, by the opening of a slide-valve. She can work readily up to five hundred horse-power, and would then make seven strokes a minute. When I saw her, she was at about half her power. To give some idea of her size, I may mention that the *joints* alone of the upright piston-rod were at least the size of a farming-wagon body! The operation of taking in the water for each stroke, accompanied as it was by the inward opening of the valve, and the sound of the water, was awful enough; but, as I said previously, the *closing* of the same valve by the sudden pressure of a column of water equal to five hundred horse-power, was "a thing to remember."

The shaft in which we now stood was about a hundred and thirty yards in depth, and fifteen feet diameter, and in this awful place was the stupendous engine constantly going night and day, in a darkness made almost more invisible by our little candles.

And now came a serious question—Shall we return through that horrible pipe, or shall we ascend by the ladders in the engine-shaft? The alternative was as follows. If we went through the pipe, there was the danger of sticking fast; and if by the main shaft, there was no sort of protection in case of a slip off a ladder; and these ladders were ranged one above another in lengths of about thirty feet, and as nearly as possible perpendicularly, with no sort of fence or guard. At the top of each length was a small platform of wood, about a yard square: and these were the only resting-places. Darnton told us that if we decided to go up the main shaft, we must, when once started, *go forward;* that no retracing of one's steps could be allowed, and that we must not attempt to look down.

After a few minutes' deliberation, we resolved to go up by the ladders. I went last; and what with the darkness, the tremendous noise of the engine when she took the stroke, and last, not least, an incident that I hope never to experience again, I never was more uncomfortable in my life. We had arrived within about twenty yards of the top, and I felt very much fatigued, and the tallow from the candle I held had run all over my right hand, which circumstances rendered a hold of the ladder-staves less secure. To rest my aching arms, I happened to lean back with all my weight, when about the top of the last ladder but two, and this caused the nail fastening that side of the ladder nearest to the wall to *draw out, and the ladder itself to twist round!* It is now thirty years ago, but I can almost at the present day feel my hair stand on end, as it most assuredly did at that instant. Thank God, the other side held, and I got safely to the top; but I resolved that for the future my proceedings should be best described by the words composing the heading of this article.

A Tight Place.

The following story is well known to many of the early settlers of Wisconsin, having been related to them by the Indians, who were eye-witnesses to the transaction.

In the year 1819, the hero of the adventure was trading with the Indians, at a place called Bay de Noquet, on the west side of Green Bay. While sitting in his cabin one day, he was surprised at the entrance of twelve or fifteen strapping Indians, with their faces blackened, (which is never done except some momentous business is on hand, and always in case of a funeral.) With slow and solemn tread they entered the room which contained the goods used in Indian trade, and after seating themselves around flat on the floor and lighting their pipes in silence, the spokesman for the company commenced his harrangue in the following words:—

"We have come to make a demand (here followed a silence of several seconds,) and we don't expect to be refused. (Another silence.) These young men around me are brave men and great warriors. I am a great warrior and a very brave man. I was at the battle of Frenchtown, and killed many of your countrymen. I led on the warriors who attacked Fort Stevenson; the scalps of many brave men have been smoke-dried in my lodge. We have come to demand a keg of good-na toss (good spirit, and worth $40 per keg,) and we don't expect to be refused."

At the conclusion of this speech, which was delivered with all the dignity and authority of those who accustomed to dictate terms to a weaker party, the gentleman to whom it was addressed stepped round some packs of furs which served as a counter, and brought forth a keg about the same size as the one so much desired, when a smile of evident satisfaction lighted up the faces of the audience. He then took a candle and lighted it, replied to the last speech in the same boasting and bombastic style, and concluded by saying that if they were as brave men and as great warriors as they pretended to be, to sit where they were, and smoke with him until that candle burnt out; at the same time, removing the cover of the keg, he placed the candle deep in the loose powder (of which the keg contained twenty-five pounds,) and seated himself for a smoke with his visitors, which he had hardly time to do before the room was empty, and after carefully taking out the candle, he finished his smoke alone, and was never after troubled by Indians.

Strength of the Beetle.

This insect has just astonished me by its vast strength of body. Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hand knows that his limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful; but I was not prepared for so Samsonion a feat as that I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it till I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I placed the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular powers of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce, so that it really moved a weight of 112 times its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 12,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within.—*Prof. Goss.*

☞ "The winter of my life has come," said Jenkins, as he looked at his white locks in the glass. "I perceive snow in the hair."

Judicious Selfishness.

Who has not seen a domineering husband, or a shrewish wife, gradually develope, by reason of the weak subserviency they always meet with, into perfect monsters of exacting selfishness? Who cannot recall households which one had only to enter to be conscious of the presence of a sombre exacting divinity, to offer homage and incense to which was the chief occupation of the other inmates? It must be acknowledged, we think, by impartial observers, that for this *role* of the social tyrant women are better qualified than men. Men of this stamp are apt to degenerate into downright brutality, and lose all power but what they derive from superiority of physical strength. Women, on the other hand, are more subtle, delicate, and discriminating in their despotism. Domineering wives are to domineering husbands what Louis XI. was to Charles the Bold. Moreover, they have exclusive use of a most potent weapon, entirely denied to the male sex, and that is—tears. And truly comedy cannot go further than it is carried in many family circles which contain a spoony, stupid husband, ruled over with a rod of iron by a clever and selfish wife. Again, the delicacy, real or feigned, which many women suffer from is a mighty engine of domestic oppression. Every woman who wishes thoroughly to henpeck her husband should at once set up as an invalid. There are decrees and exactions which can come with their full efficacy only from a sofa or a very easy chair. Healthy women who can walk about and eat a good breakfast can never carry the art of husband-subduing to its finest developments. A vigorous, rosy-cheeked young matron may give trouble or comfort to her husband, according to her disposition, but she can never command and control him with that perfect authority which is wielded by the sweet pale creature who is always going to faint. How quietly, and yet how completely, the latter can make him feel the utter brutality of his conduct, say for staying out on that occasion ten minutes beyond the appointed time of return. What if it was to see an old friend off to India? He little thinks of the weary hours during which she, the sweet pale creature, has been in constant danger of fainting while he was absent. And of course that person, that friend as he is pleased to call him, but concerning whom she has a very different theory—namely, that he is a very artful, designing individual, whose real character will come out some day when she is gone—that person, as usual, has induced him to smoke, and he knows that smoke kills her. But it will soon be over. No one can doubt, we think, that a little judicious selfishness administered frequently in cases of this kind would have a most salutary effect on all concerned; and that the omission to exhibit it may arise indeed from an overdose of good nature, benevolence, amiability, or what not, which, nevertheless, in spite of fine names, it is hard to distinguish in its effects from the direct operation of a vice.

In the above examples we have considered judicious selfishness in its coarsest form—in the form in which it must be exerted in mere self-defence merely to keep the enemy out of our individuality, which he would otherwise absorb. But there are other kinds of it which relate to a more elevated order of character and living. Duty often drives us into conduct which nine people out of ten would be ready to pronounce simply and purely selfish, but which we venture to regard as merely containing that amount of judicious selfishness which is invariably associated with strong and growing natures. The pilgrimage of life is constantly presenting us with alternatives which have been once for all symbolised in the apologue called the "Choice of Hercules." When we are wise, resolute and progressive, we are frequently arriving at bifurcations—at partings of the ways down one of which we must elect to travel. But we never get so far without having acquired—inherited as it were, from our past life—relations with others who may have no intention whatever of taking the path which conscience cries aloud is the one for us. To break from the dear old ties of companionship and friendship on such occasions is frequently the heaviest task set before us in life. Those with whom we part company in such circumstances are sure to murmur. Our defection is resented as the result of cold calculating prudence. Our head may be complimented, but it is at the expense of our heart. And if the sole commendable object in life were to avoid pain to others, our critics would be in the right. The old companion, or the old sweetheart, who sees the pleasant, fragrant ties of intimacy or affection snap one by one, and notes a growing divergence of your path from theirs, may well be excused for feeling a little soreness or sadness. There are crises in life at which a man must either wittingly incur the charge of gross selfishness, or else for ever renounce all pursuit of an exalted ideal. It may be better never to give pain, to deceive no hopes, however rashly formed, never to hurt kind hearts that cling to us; but it is not so that great men become great, or produce great actions. It may have been very selfish in Goethe to forsake Frederika; but the question is, would Goethe have been the Goethe we know had he not been able and willing to do what he did on that occasion? And if this is admitted, our position is proved, that a judicious selfishness in many turns and circumstances of life is an indispensable element in an expanding and aspiring character.—*London Saturday Review.*

Wedding in Switzerland.

I learned yesterday a bridal custom of this region, so sensible and proper that I shall mention it to you for the benefit of the young folks at home. The custom of making gifts to the bride prevails here as everywhere, but it is better regulated. The bride makes out a list of things that she will require in beginning to keep house, especially those things that are over and above what would naturally be furnished by her friends, and one of them says, "I will give her this," and marks that as provided for; another will give her that, and sometimes two or three more will combine and furnish a more expensive present than any one would give alone. After the wedding, the couple usually start off on an excursion, and on their return find their dwelling filled with these presents, each marked with the giver's name. At the hotel where I lodged, in St. Gallen, a bridal party of the town had the wedding breakfast when I was there, all the relatives and friends making a larger party than a private house could entertain.

☞ Plants of Chinese tea grown in North Carolina are now five feet in height and in full bloom. Five pounds of "bohea," made in 1865 from the leaves, were considered equal to the best imported.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. FAYRIT HAS HIS HAIR CUT.

Somebody said Mr. Fayrit had found a clue. The news spread far and wide; people greeted each other in the streets with Mr. Fayrit's "clue," just as on ordinary occasions they greeted one another with the state of the weather, the general election, or the health of their families. The newspapers, of course, took up the clue and advertised it, and did their very best to neutralise it. The sensible portion of the community—those who had something to do, and did it, and who, therefore, did not require the effervescence of excitement to make their still lives go down—quietly remarked to themselves and to each other that they "did not believe Fayrit had found anything of the sort;" that "they knew Fayrit too well; he was much much too knowing an old weasel to let out to any one that he had found a clue if he had," etc., etc. But for once the gossips were right, and the steady goers were wrong. Fayrit *had* found a clue, and was following it up as fast as the very broken and uneven nature of the ground he had to tread would let him. Tracking, though slowly, but surely, with his nose to the ground, as it were, like a very sleuth-hound, halting often, turning aside never, Fayrit came on, stopping finally at a clean, substantial, well-to-do country town, down amongst the Kentish hop-gardens, a hundred miles from Armytage and Chadleigh—a village which called itself a town, that is, and persisted in calling itself so whatever irreverent curtailment of its dignity any pretentious inhabitant of our great wilderness of brick and mortar might be disposed, according to the degrees of comparison, to inflict upon it. This town-village, then, was so near to the sea that the fresh breezes blew over it with a salty rime, and the pedestrian who mounted only half way up the high hill round whose base the long straggling High Street wound, could see the white foam curling into wreaths for the arching necks of the restless waves, and could almost hear the thundering boom with which they dashed themselves upon the pebbly beach.

Into this village, then, Mr. Fayrit sauntered, at the still close of a September day, when the working world of Malston was dotted in groups up and down its street, diffusing an aroma of bad tobacco and worse grammar upon the evening air. Past these groups Mr. Fayrit made his way with the leisurely air of a man who was making holiday and could afford to take his time. Such of the "natives" as saw him walk the whole length of the High Street and back again—and a great many *did*—set him down for a lawyer's clerk, or a young man from the Post Office, or some other cockney, taking a walking tour in his annual holiday, and laying himself out 'for as large an amount of country for as small an outlay of money as possible. Malston had already seen two or three such in its time, and always felt exceedingly well disposed towards them in return for the complimentary notice their visit implied. Mr. Fayrit, in spite of his sauntering, negligent air, took the measure of Malston in that walk up and down its street; he saw the square-towered church, hoary with age, and the parsonage beside it, its windows bright with the western glow of sunset, the only brightness about it; he noted the lawyer's house, all spick and span with new paint, and incongruously cockneyfied, with its stuccoed portico and pretentious flight of stone steps, losing a great deal by contrast with the doctor's low-built, old-fashioned dwelling, overgrown with creepers, turning its back to the town and facing countryways. Mr. Fayrit marked the knot of evening loungers about the barber's door, and, stopping short on his return, made his way through the little crowd to the presence of the prince of Malston gossips himself.

"Good evening, sir," nodded that august personage, leaving a hopper's chin in the lather and whisking a cane-bottomed chair towards the new-comer.

Mr. Fayrit acknowledged the civility, and sat himself down with the weary gesture of a man who had had a good day's tramp and was glad to rest. He unstrapped the small black knapsack which he carried, sometimes at his back, sometimes in his hand, as suited his convenience, and laid it on the ground near him, which gave the little barber an opportunity of remarking—

"Glad to be relieved of the weight, no doubt, sir."

The barber was a brisk little man with a pyramidal face—a reversed pyramid, that is—the base at the eyes, the apex at the chin. He had a thin, wiry voice—a voice which had no body in it, which reminded one of French *table d'hote* wines of the third quality, and he pitched this rasping little voice so high that it set one's teeth on edge. His utterance was voluble and rapid, and he affected dictionary words, which affectation, smacking as it did of superiority, would have roused the inextinguishable ire of Malston, had not the politic barber compounded for the indulgence by the exhibition of certain popular qualities for the sake of which Malston was content to ignore an assumption it would not have pardoned in any other.

One of these popular qualities Mr. Fayrit, who was by profession a keen observer, was made aware as he sat watching the finishing off of the hopper's shave—it was that full, lively, cordial interest in life which has always such an attraction for the care-worn, wearied, oppressed creatures who cannot take the world easily, do what they may. The barber shaved, talked, moved, and did everything else with a perfect enjoyment of the thing itself.

"Now, sir!" he exclaimed in his briskest tone, pocketing the twopence from the last customer, and tossing the white shaving-cloth airily over his left arm, as he turned to Mr. Fayrit. "What can I do for you, sir?"

"Well," Mr. Fayrit returned, "you may cut my hair if you please; I've been on the move lately, and it's grown a trifle too long for this warm weather. But," glancing at the group outside the door, "don't let me come out of my turn; 'first come first served,' you know. I don't wish to interfere with any other gentleman."

"Which, sir, you will not," the little man promptly affirmed. "My business is all excluded as far as these gentlemen are concerned, and I am quite at your disposal."

And for the next few minutes Mr. Fayrit's head remained quite at the disposal of the barber, who, recognising that it was somewhat above the hopper genus, elaborated thereon in his best style, cutting, and trimming, and combing, and brushing, to show how much, under favorable circumstances, he and his art, were capable of. The barber was bent on impressing his customer, and so, in addition to all these exertions, he brought out for the traveller's benefit his best dictionary language.

"*Harmonia*, sir?" he aspirated, in reply to a question of Mr. Fayrit's suggested by the odor of hartshorn in the course of the above manipulations—"*harmonia*, sir? No, sir, not 'urtful to the 'air, I should say. Some ladies 'as a very *hindifferent* scalp of a 'ead, and they uses a great deal of *harmonia*."

Mr. Fayrit not being afflicted as these unfortunate ladies evidently were, looked out of the window.

"That is the lawyer's house, I suppose?" he remarked.

"Yes, sir, you are right, Mr. Grove *does* live there, and a very clever man he is. You belong to the perfession yourself, sir, I presume?" Cautious to make the most of an opportunity which, he knew, a good half of Malston would certainly require at his hands the next evening, if not before.

"Well, yes," assented Mr. Fayrit with an inward chuckle, "I make my living by the law."

"I thought so, sir," (complacently.) "Gents of your perfession come travelling this way pretty often in the summer-time, out for an 'oliday, you know, sir, and we learn to discriminate pretty acutely, we do."

"No doubt, no doubt," Mr. Fayrit assented, with very commendable gravity. "The hop-picking season brings you some rough company, I expect?"

"Well, sir," hesitated the barber, divided between his zeal for the honor of Malston and that awkward regard for truth which *will* stand in a man's way at times, "we get our share—like our neighbors—no worse, sir, in fact, rather better than worse, I should say, and this year we 'ave been uncommonly select, sir."

Mr. Fayrit found it expedient to change his mode of attack.

"Is there such a thing as a lodging to be got in the town?" he inquired. "A *private* lodging. I generally steer clear of inns, when I can."

The barber dropped his little head on one side in the attitude of a contemplative sparrow.

"You won't be making a prolonged stay, sir, I conclude? If you was, I couldn't recommend you to a better than my wife's sister, Mrs. Stanway. She takes in lodgers, but I don't know that she would make up a bed only for a night or so. One lodger she 'as got already: a queer customer I'm afraid, uncommon rough to *be* sure, not at all what she's been used to; but he came along in harvest time, fainting with the heat, and with a nasty wound in his arm; he'd run a pitchfork into it, he said, helping load a wagon, in a job of work he got Maidstone way, and Mrs. Stanway, she's the kindest-hearted creature in the world, she wouldn't refuse the poor man, rough though he was, and he's stayed on ever since. In fact, sir," went on the little man, dropping his dictionary flights in the excitement of telling a story, "he's never been fit to move. And Mrs. Stanway 'as 'ad a dreadful time with him and she with a crippled boy of her own on her 'ands already, for he won't hear of a doctor, and when she brought one to him surrep——" This word was too much even for the barber, so after some floundering he made good his retreat, and prudently returned to the humbler but more beaten track—"on the sly, sir, I should say, he cussed and swore dreadful, and wouldn't let Mr. Power come nigh him. And my sister-in-law was telling me no longer ago than last night that she was sure he would die on her 'ands, and no 'elp for it, you see, sir."

This picture of Mrs. Stanway's lodger did not at all discourage Mr. Fayrit.

"Your sister-in-law must be a kind, motherly person," he said, "and I should like to lodge with her better than with anybody else, if she will have me for—for a week. I like to get near a good woman when I can."

"And that's what Mrs. Stanway is, sir, I can promise you," emphatically pronounced the barber; "and if you please, I will conduct you to her 'ouse, and you may inquire if she will receive you."

Malston saw its qualified news-agent sally forth with the stranger, and Malston rejoiced, for it knew that the stranger was, as it were, in process of going to press for its benefit.

Mrs. Stanway's cottage was at the back of "the town," a district where ceremony and etiquette were not considered binding, and consequently where the inhabitants took their meals with their house-doors open, and with the sweet air from the green meadows they faced playing about them as they ate. And in this way it happened that Mr. Fayrit and Mr. Barber walked right in upon Mrs. Stanway as she presided at a meal which she called supper—although the principal feature in it was tea—and at which Mr. Stanway assisted in his shirt-sleeves, whilst a poor little deformed boy, with preternaturally large eyes and thin, eager little fingers was perched up on one end of a sofa against which the table was placed, evidently for the purpose of suiting his convenience. A fourth individual there was, as Mr. Fayrit's quick eyes instantly perceived, whose part in this social gathering was rather that of spectator than anything else, although that some stress was laid upon even this limited participation was evident from the care which had been taken to draw the low pallet-bed upon which he lay in a small inner room into such a position as gave him the command of the supper-party. Mr. Fayrit had only time to see that this individual showed black and shaggy against the white pillows which supported him, for at the first appearance of the visitors he uttered a shrill whistle, to which the child responded by springing from his place, shuffling across the room at a speed which was marvellous in one of his crippled condition, and promptly closing the door of communication between the two apartments. Whereupon Mrs. Stanway, who had risen to place chairs for her guests, remarked apologetically to her brother-in-law that "*he* never could abide strangers, and had been very bad all day."

Mrs. Stanway was a tall, large woman, with mild, comely features and an unconscious dignity of *pose* which showed as grandly through her afternoon gown of brown alpaca as it would have done through the silken draperies of a duchess.

"Well, I don't know," she said, hesitatingly, when Mr. Fayrit and the barber had between them stated the object of their call. "You see, sir, I should be very glad to accommodate you, and my room up-stairs *is* empty; but *he*"—with that preference for the pronoun which may be remarked in her class, and pointing over her shoulder towards the inner room—"*he* takes up my time so now, that I don't know about the waiting. I'm afraid I couldn't manage it."

But Mr. Fayrit smoothed the way in the most obliging manner. He didn't want any waiting

upon; if Mr. and Mrs. Stanway wouldn't object to his sitting down with them he would take things just as they had them, and be very glad to do it; and he wasn't a man to give trouble, and he was used to looking after himself, and he would pay, say, fifteen shillings a week for his board and whatever they asked for his bedroom, in advance; and he laid a sovereign down upon the table and drew up his chair as if the question were settled. And so it was. Mrs. Stanway fetched a clean teacup and saucer with cheerful alacrity, whilst Mr. Stanway, with his two hands planted upon his two knees, nodded a complacent "Werry good."

Mr. Stanway was a wheelwright by trade—a large, heavy man with a face like a queen strawberry, and a tendency to bad legs; a man of some weight in his circle was Mr. Stanway, the bass voice of the village (I beg its pardon) *town* choir, who had been likewise "bassoon" and leader of the mixed assortment of instruments which had composed the church music before the innovation of the present harmonium. This innovation Mr. Stanway still resented, although, unlike the "flute" and "violoncello," he had consented to keep himself and his bass voice in the front of the singing gallery, whence he criticised the performance of the innovating schoolmaster who played the harmonium. "You see," he would explain to his friends at the close of the, to him, unsatisfactory choral performance, "*he* was out of tune" (which he pronounced *toon*) "and time, too. When our voices was *here* he was *there*."

At which his wife, who worshipped and believed in him as the best sort of wives do worship and believe in their husbands—unless they are too bad for any belief—would add—

"You see, Mr. Stanway is a note-player, he is, and it puts him out to hear it all done just by ear, and anyhow, as you may say."

But all this is only by the way. Mr. Fayrit spent the first two days after his admission into the Stanway circle in long walks to different points of interest in the neighborhood, returning at supper-time to find the sick lodger's door scrupulously closed, and to receive from Mrs. Stanway very dismal accounts of "his" state of mind and body. In the evenings Mr. Fayrit discussed politics and nice questions of common law with Mr. Stanway, sitting both of them at the open house-door, looking over the green meadows, whilst Mrs. S., busied with her sewing, listened and admired the learning and knowledge of that oracle her husband. Sometimes, and, indeed, at all times when he was within doors, Mr. Fayrit made sedulous attempts to gain little Bobby's—the sickly child's—heart in the only way in which that shy and exclusive member could be gained—namely, by the telling of fascinating stories, to which Bobby listened at first askance, then, as the fascination became too powerful to be resisted, with an undisguised interest and softening which Mr. Fayrit did not fail to improve; but if in the very middle of the most absorbing history the sharp whistle sounded from the little inner chamber, Bobby would drop to his feet and scuttle across the room, and very often would not return again until Mr. Fayrit, tired of waiting for him, had retired to his own room.

"Bobby's wonderful fond of *him*," Mrs. Stanway would explain on such occasions. "I'm sure I don't know how it is, but he has took to him in a surprising way. You'd ha' thought the child would ha' been frightened of him, so rough and black as he is, but he *isn't*. If I was to go in now I know I should find Bobby perked up on the bed close to him, and his eyes all a-twinkle. I expect it is that he's so beat down. Children always like anything that's more helpless than themselves, and it isn't often that Bobby, poor fellow! comes across anybody that can be much beholden to him." And the smooth forehead puckered up into lines of care, whilst a sigh fluttered the staid composure of the placid lips.

On the seventh day of Mr. Fayrit's stay at Malston he came back from one of his rambles at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was shining brightly into the "house-place" from the open door and uncurtained window, but Mrs. Stanway's kindly face did not beam its usual welcome from her accustomed seat by the table under the window-sill. Only Bobby—all alone—was perched up on the end of the sofa, with a queer deal box, painted green, open on his knees. His eyes were red with crying, and in a low, listless sort of way he was arranging a very miscellaneous collection of articles on the lid of the box before him. Mr. Fayrit came and sat down on the unoccupied end of the sofa.

"Well, Bobby," he said kindly, taking up a wooden toy carved in the likeness of a monkey and examining it, "what's the matter, my little man?"

"Hush!" said Bobby in a whisper, and holding up his finger; you mustn't make a noise; he's took worse."

"Is he?" says Mr. Fayrit, seemingly not much interested, but dropping *his* voice likewise. "What a pretty monkey this is, Bobby!"

Just then the inner door opened and Mrs. Stanway came out. She looked anxious and troubled, nevertheless she smiled a little as she saw Mr. Fayrit and her boy sitting together.

"Bobby was so put out because *he* couldn't bear him in the room to-day that I let him have all his things out to look at," she said, pausing for a moment on her way to the kitchen.

"What a lot of nice things he's got!" remarked Mr. Fayrit soothingly, looking into the green box.

"Lor' bless you! he's such a hoarder is Bobby," the mother rejoined; "it would puzzle a lawyer to find out what he sees in half the queer things he's so fond of hoarding; but it pleases him, you see." And she went her way to the kitchen.

She was not there more than five or six minutes, only long enough to warm the few spoonfuls of broth the sick man required, yet when she came back the quiet scene upon which she had smiled before was all changed. Bobby, with his pale face all flushed and distorted, was holding his little closed fist resolutely behind him, whilst Mr. Fayrit, standing over the child, was quite as resolutely trying to get the obstinate little fingers into his own power. Seeing his mother, Bobby began to whimper.

"You must give me that bead," Mr. Fayrit said, in a tone many degrees less soft than any he had used since his admittance into the Stanway circle.

"Dear me, sir," says the good woman, turning pale, "I hope there's nothing wrong, sir. Poor Bobby, you see, has been afflicted from his cradle, as I may say, and we haven't used him to be contradicted, not so much, perhaps, as we ought, but I'm sure he'll do as you tell him; won't you, Bobby?"

"*He* gave it to me," sobbed the boy, "and he told me I wasn't to show it to anybody, and now he's so ill I hadn't ought to do it, ought I, mother?"

He had slipped off the sofa as he spoke, and shuffled to his mother's side, making a wide circuit to avoid Mr. Fayrit's outstretched arm.

"He *must* give it up." Mr. Fayrit's tone was menacing this time.

"Yes, yes," coaxed the frightened woman, "Bobby 'll be a good boy; Bobby 'll let the gentleman look at it."

But Bobby was stronger-minded than his mother; he edged round her as the detective advanced, and having interposed her substantial person between himself and Mr. Fayrit, he executed a rapid manœuvre, and reached the door of the inner room in a moment.

Mr. Fayrit sprang forward, but, whether by accident or design, Mrs. Stanway covered her son's retreat excellently well; the detective could neither pass her nor push her aside, and so the precious moment was lost.

"Oh, mother! mother!"

It was a shrill cry from the sick chamber, one of those high pitched tones which proclaim the extremity of childish terror or distress. Mrs. Stanway dropped her guard and fled to answer the appeal, and Mr. Fayrit followed, unchecked, upon her footsteps. The child had climbed up on the foot of the bed, and sat there motionless and staring, face to face with the dropped jaw and fixed eyes of a dying man.

"Run, Bobby, run!" cried the mother, lifting the boy off the bed—"run next door and ask Mrs. Austin to go for the doctor—there's a change."

"And a magistrate—tell her to bring a magistrate," Mr. Fayrit added, in louder tones than suited a death presence.

Something hard and round fell from the child's relaxed grasp as he was set down, and rolled on the floor. Mr. Fayrit stooped and caught it up; it was the treasure poor Bobby had guarded so faithfully until this moment of terror—a single large pearl.

"Brandy, brandy!" he cried. "Give him brandy—he can't be too far gone."

She poured a few drops between his teeth, and he seemed to revive so far that he muttered a few inaudible gasping words. Mr. Fayrit waited with his hand on the scarcely-fluttering pulse, and Death, more stern and pitiless still, waited too. A minute more and the doctor entered, followed by the breathless neighbor with Bobby in her arms. The surgeon looked, and shook his head. The dying man opened the eyes which had been closed for a moment, and spoke again, this time more distinctly.

"Magistrate," he muttered—"who wants a magistrate? I tell you 'twas—her—own—fault. She robbed me, and I—I—knocked her on the head. I—I—didn't mean to—do—it."

Mrs. Stanway, at a sign from the doctor, moistened his lips again with brandy.

"Fifty—pounds," he gasped presently; "don't show it—to—anybody—Bobby."

And no more, though Mr. Fayrit held his ear to the lips from which no sound should ever again issue into this world.

"Gone! it's of no use," pronounced the doctor, and led the way into the outer room.

"I take possession of everything which belonged to the deceased, in the name of the law," Mr. Fayrit said, closing the door and placing his back against it. Then to the doctor, "I am a detective officer, sir, and I have been on the track of this man." Taking a step forward, and dropping his voice to the doctor's ear alone, "He had some of the stolen Armytage jewelry in his possession."

"Eh?" says the doctor, opening his eyes very wide.

Whilst Mrs. Stanway, taking her apron from her eyes—she was crying, good soul—the only tears, save Bobby's, which softened that forlorn deathbed—spoke out, in her honest indignation:

"A spy—a police spy! And to think that we've took our meals with him!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Millenial Cumming has proved his faith in his own predictions by hiring a house on a ten year lease.

☞ Mrs. Senator Sumner is a lady about thirty years of age, of medium stature, rather slender, quite pale, and quite good looking. Her appearance does not indicate that she is strikingly intellectual, and no one would call her beautiful, and few handsome. I met her and her child walking on the street the other day accompanied by her husband, and it was quite hard to realize that the bachelor Senator was indeed married. Every body long ago had given him up as a hopeless case. He was fifty-five years old when married, and I am sure his example affords instruction and encouragement to other old bachelors, who should have been married long ago.

☞ The Potato.—A French newspaper states, with regard to the parasites found in the potato, that "the microscope reveals to us the existence of a small black spot, of the diameter of a pin's head, in the potato. In this small space can be detected some 200 ferocious animals of a coleopteric form, which bite and tear each other with continued fury. It is easy to comprehend the potato disease when such an intestine warfare is raging."

☞ The deaths of seventeen infants, all "accidentally suffocated in bed," were registered in London, in one week, recently.

☞ Starch made with addition of half its weight of cloride of lime will render thin fabrics fire proof.

☞ Fifteen young ladies and gentlemen, of Stephensport, Ky., were badly poisoned last week by eating "marble cake," in which cochineal is mixed. Fashion in food is even more dangerous than in dress.

☞ It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you cannot put more on a man than he can bear. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear creates acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.

☞ Out at Dubuque, Iowa, where there is not a sprig of laurel, nor a bush of arbor vitæ, hemlock, spruce or pine, growing wild, people who want a Christmas tree must go to a nursery and pay seven dollars for a white pine.

☞ When the town of New Ulm, Minn., was laid out, years ago, the proprietors made it one of the conditions that "no church should be built in the place."

☞ The great progress made in science during the last ten years puts it within the power of nearly all manufacturers to utilize their refuse of all kinds, and turn it into useful and marketable material for other purposes. A notable instance of this can be found in the manufacture of glycerine; for that beautiful and useful and valuable article is manufactured entirely from refuse of soap-boiling and other establishments, which was formerly thrown away or allowed to accumulate in heaps.

Giving a Leg for a Wife.

Dr. Thevenet, a distinguished surgeon at Calais, one day received a note without a signature, requesting him to repair to a hotel not far off, with such instruments as were necessary for an amputation. Thevenet was somewhat surprised at the manner of the invitation, but concluding that it was the work of some wag, paid no regard to it. Three days after he received a second invitation, still more pressing, and containing the information that the next day at nine o'clock a carriage would stop before his house in order to convey him. Thevenet resolved to let the affair take its course, and when, on the following day, at the striking of the clock, an elegant carriage stopped before the door, he seated himself in it, and asked the driver to whom he was to carry him?

The driver replied in English, "What I do not know I cannot tell."

At length the carriage stopped before the door of the hotel. A handsome young man, of about twenty-eight years of age, received the surgeon at the door, and conducted him up stairs into a large chamber, where the following conversation took place:

"You have sent for me?"

"I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to visit me. Here is coffee, chocolate, or wine, if you would take anything before the operation."

"Show me the patient, sir; I must first ascertain whether the injury is such as to render an amputation necessary."

"It *is* necessary. Doctor, seat yourself; I have perfect confidence in you—listen to me. Here is a purse of one hundred guineas; this is the pay you will receive for the operation. If done successfully, it is yours. Should you refuse to comply with my wishes, see, here is a loaded pistol. You are in my power; I will shoot you."

"Sir, I am not afraid of your pistols. But what is your particular desire? Tell me without preamble."

"You must cut off my right leg."

"With all my heart; and, if you please, your head too. But the leg is sound. You sprang up stairs just now with the agility of a dancing-master. What ails your leg?"

"Nothing. I only want it off."

"Sir, you are a fool."

"Why does that trouble you, Thevenet?"

"What sin has the leg committed?"

"None; but are you ready to take it off?"

"Sir, I do not know. Bring me evidence that you are sound of mind."

"Will you comply with my request?"

"Yes, sir, so soon as you give me sufficient reasons for such mutilation of yourself."

"I cannot tell you the truth, perhaps, for some years; but I will lay a wager that after a certain time you shall understand that my reasons are most noble—that my happiness, my very existence, depend upon my being freed from this leg."

"Sir, I lay no wagers. Tell me your name, residence, family and occupation."

"You shall know all that hereafter. Do you take me for an honorable man?"

"I cannot. A man of honor does not threaten his physician with pistols. I have duties towards you as a stranger. I will not mutilate you. If you wish to be the murderer of a guiltless father of a family, then shoot."

"Well, M. Thevenet, I will not shoot you; but I will force you to take off my leg. What you will not do for the love of money, nor the fear of a bullet, you shall do for compassion."

"And how so?"

"I will break my leg by discharging my pistols, and here before your eyes."

The Englishman seated himself, and placed the mouth of the pistol close to his knee. Thevenet was on the point of springing to prevent him, but he exclaimed,—

"Sir no!, or I fire! Now," said he, "will you increase and lengthen out my pains for nothing?"

"You are a fool," says Thevenet, "but it shall be done. I will take off the unfortunate leg."

The Englishman calmly laid by the pistol, and all was made ready for the operation. As soon as the surgeon began to cut, the Englishman lighted his pipe, and swore it should not go out. He kept his word. The leg lay upon the floor, and the Englishman was still smoking. Thevenet did his work like a master; the wound, by his skill and the patient's own good nature, was healed at a fixed time. He rewarded the surgeon like a king, and thanked him with tears of joy for the loss of his leg, and sallied over the streets with a wooden one. About eight weeks after his departure, Thevenet received a letter from England with the following contents:

You will receive enclosed, as a proof of my most heartfelt gratitude, an order for two hundred and fifty guineas upon Mons. Panchard, in Paris. You have made me the happiest mortal on earth in depriving me of my leg, for it was the only hindrance to my earthly felicity. Brave man, you may now know the cause of my foolish humor as you called it.

You concluded, at the time, that there could be no reasonable ground for such self-mutilation. I offered to lay a wager; you did well in not accepting it. After my second return from the East Indies, I came acquainted with Emilie Harley, the most perfect of women. I loved her most passionately. Her wealth, her family connections, influenced my friends in her favor; but I was influenced only by her beauty and her noble heart. I joined the number of her admirers. Ah! excellent Thevenet, I was so fortunate as to gain her affections. She loved me above all—made no secret of it—but she still rejected me. I sought her hand in vain; in vain I implored her parents to intercede for me. She was still immovable. For a long time I was unable to conjecture the cause of her refusing me, since, as she confessed herself she loved me almost to distraction. One of her visitors at length betrayed to me the secret. Miss Harley was a wonder of beauty, but she had only one leg; and on account of this imperfection, she feared to become my wife, lest I should esteem her the less for it. My resolution was taken. I resolved to become like her; thanks to you, I became so. I came with my wooden leg to London, and in the first place visited Miss Harley. It had been reported, and I myself had written to England, that by a fall from a horse I had broken my leg, which was consequently taken off. It was much regretted. Emilie fell into a swoon the first time she saw me. She was for a long time inconsolable, but now she is my wife. The first day after our marriage I intrusted to her the secret of what a sacrifice I had made in consequence of my wish to obtain her hand. She loves me now the more affectionately. Oh, my brave Thevenet! had I ten legs to lose, I would, without a single contortion of feature, part with them all for my Emilie. So long as I live I will be grateful to you. Come to London—visit us—become acquainted with my wife, and then say I was a fool.

CHARLES TEMPLE, Bart.

ANSWER OF DR. THEVENET.

SIR:—I thank you for your valuable present; for so I must call it, because I cannot consider it as reward for the little trouble I was at. I congratulate you on your marriage with a woman so worthy of your affections. It is true a leg is much to lose, even for a beautiful, virtuous and affectionate wife—but not too much. To gain possession of Eve, Adam was obliged to part with a rib; and beautiful women have cost some men their heads. But, after all, permit me to adhere to my former judgment. Truly, for the moment you were correct, but with this difference; the correctness of my judgment was founded on long experience, as every truth should be, which we are not disposed to acknowledge. Sir, mind me, I lay a wager that after two years you repent that your leg was taken off above the knee. You will find that below the knee had been enough. After three years you will be convinced that the loss of the foot had been sufficient. After four years, you conclude that the sacrifice of the great toe, and after five years, of the little toe, had been too much. After six years, you will agree with me that the paring of a nail had been enough. But I do not say this in prejudice of the merits of your charming wife. In my youth I devoted myself to love, but I have never parted with a leg. Had I done so, I should, at this day, have said, "Thevenet, thou wast a fool." I have the honor to be

Yours, etc., LEWIS THEVENET.

Eleven years after, during the horrors of the Revolution, Thevenet, whom a person that envied his reputation caused to be suspected of aristocracy, fled to London to save himself from the guillotine. He inquired after Sir Charles Temple, and was shown his house. He made himself known, and was received. In an armchair by the fire, surrounded by twenty newspapers, sat a corpulent man, who could hardly stand up, he was so unwieldly.

"Ah, welcome, doctor," cried the corpulent man, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple; "excuse me if I do not rise. This cursed leg is a hindrance to me in every thing. You have come to see if your judgment was correct."

"I come as a fugitive, and seek your protection."

"You shall have it with pleasure. You must live with me from this day, for truly you are a wise man. You must console me. Surely, Thevenet, probably I had been an admiral of the blue, had not my wooden leg disqualified me from the service of my country. When I read the gazettes, the brown and the blue make me angry, because I can have nothing to do with them. Come, console me."

"Your wife can do that better than I."

"Say nothing of her. Her wooden leg prevented her dancing, so she betook herself to cards and to fashion. There is no such thing as living peaceably with her."

"What! was my judgment correct, then?"

"O, welcome, beloved Thevenet; but be silent on that point. It was a silly adventure. Had I my leg again, I would not now give the paring of a nail. Between you and me, I was a fool, but keep this to yourself."

How False Reports May Originate.

A curious illustration of this is found in an anecdote told in a lecture by Mr. Spurgeon. A minister lived opposite one of the deacons of his church. A report got about that the minister had been seen to beat his wife, and the matter was brought before a deacons' meeting. There the minister said he had traced the spreading of the report to the deacon's daughter. The good man, the deacon, said he would not have spoken, but his daughter's name having been mentioned, he must then state that when he was going to bed on a certain night, he did see (through the window blind of the lighted room) the minister beating his wife, and heard her scream. The minister was nonplussed; but he requested that his wife might be sent for and questioned. When she arrived she explained the whole matter. She said: "Don't you recollect that there was a rat in the room that night, that it got upon my dress, that you got frightened and took up the poker; that I could not stand still, and ran round the room, you running after me with the poker? This is the explanation of the whole affair." Well, then, the lecturer would remark to his hearers, the next time they heard a story against a good man let them say at once, "There is a rat at the bottom of it, I know," and that some simple explanation may account for the whole thing.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON THE ROMANS.—"I never did like the Romans," said Mrs. Partington, when seeing the play of Coriolanus, "since I mistook some Roman punch for an ice cream, and it got into my head. And I came pretty nigh exploding once in trying to light one of Isaac's Roman candles, thinking it was wax. I must say they are a set of fickle-minded creatures, taking the gentleman in the red tablecloth for a counsel, and then going to throw him over the terrapin rock. I am very glad, though, they didn't do it, because I don't see how the play could get along without him, and it would have disappointed so many—" "Stop talking," said a harsh voice behind her. Mrs. Partington looked round at the speaker, who scowled at her with the indignation of two shillings' worth of impaired enjoyment, and she, simply saying, "You needn't be so bituminous about it," was silent.

☞ COLERIDGE AND HIS SCHOOLMASTER.—Coleridge, I am told, said he dreamt of his master all his life, and that some of his dreams were horrible. A *bon mot* of his is recorded, very characteristic both of pupil and master. Coleridge, when he heard of his death, said, "It was very lucky that the cherubims who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them on the way. —*Leigh Hunt's Autobiography.*

☞ Josh Billings says it is highly important that when a man makes up his mind tew becum a raskal, that he should examine hizelf clusly, and see if he aint better konstructed for a phool.

☞ Almost very decade in our country's history ending with the figure seven, has marked the beginning of a financial crash or severe depression.

☞ Never buy a cow of a dairyman, for he will sell only his poor animals.

☞ Broad street, in Philadelphia, is ten miles long, with a width of one hundred and thirteen feet, and straight as an arrow.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

A recent English work—containing many pretty verses—has the following, which mothers will enjoy reading:—

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes;
Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags,
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught;
Only a tender flower,
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here.

A Story of Carlyle.

The London correspondent of the Round Table tells a new story of Thomas Carlyle, as follows:

"And now, having put in a plea for publishing personal anecdotes, let me end this letter with a story of Thomas Carlyle. I heard Mr. Dickens tell it the other night in a company of fifty; and if he may tell it to fifty, why may not somebody else tell it to fifty thousand? That great man (Carlyle, I mean,) is still grievously tormented by some Cochin-China fowls kept by a neighbor. They crow not often, but at unseasonable times—in the midst of a particularly involved sentence, for instance, requiring great attention to the logical ordering of accusatives and verb. The philosopher is at such times, to put the case mildly, simply no philosopher at all. Exasperated, at length, beyond measure by these daily tormentors, he sent a servant to his neighbor the other day to implore relief. But the neighbor was unyielding. He, or rather she, regarded the fowls with peculiar affection, and declared, besides, that she had observed that her pets, though they certainly crowed very loud, 'only crowed three times in an entire day.' 'Ay, so they may,' remarked the author of *Hero Worship*, when this reply was brought to him; 'so they may: but the woman does not consider the awful moments I suffer when expecting them to crow.' Is not this characteristic of the man?"

RITUALISTIC PRACTICES.—The more advanced section of the Ritualistic party have lately introduced amongst themselves two very decided novelties in the English Church. They are publishing at Oxford an "Anglican Missal," which contains the order of the Communion Service without any portion of the Liturgy, and is illuminated as well as divided into parts, in exact imitation of the Roman Catholic Missal. Nor is this part of the Anglican prayer book ever spoken of by Ritualists as other than "the Mass." "I have been to high mass," or "I am going to hear low mass," is now as common a way of speaking amongst the worshippers at St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square; St. Alban's, Baldwin's Gardens; or St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, as it is with the members of any congregation that is under Dr. Manning's jurisdiction. Another curious fashion some of the Ritualists have adopted is that of speaking to or of the clergymen who adopt these views as "Father John," "Father James," or whatever the reverend clergyman's Christian name may be, instead of calling him Mr. Smith, Brown or Jones.

☞ The troubles of authors have received a new development. A publisher in Paris actually intends to charge them with rent for their unsold books. "On the first of January," states M. Meyreins in his circular, which has been freely distributed to all authors, "I shall find myself compelled to charge to your account the expenses of keeping your works."

☞ The Lynchburg (Va.) Republican states that a rumor has been current there for several days that different parties have in contemplation the establishment in that city of a tobacco factory, to be operated by lame and other disabled persons whose labor is by law exempted from taxation. A suitable building is reported to have been bought, and other preparations to be in progress.

☞ The latest innovation at parties is the introduction of beef tea! It is now ordered that the preliminary to the usual supper of oysters, champagne, ice-cream and jellies, shall be a cup of beef tea, which the attentive waiter hands to you as soon as you enter the refreshment room. Nor is this all. Beef tea is handed around in the intervals of the "German," the supposition being that some sustaining and strengthening element is needed to carry one through the almost ceaseless intricacies of this now universally fashionable dance.

☞ The value of the estate of the late Edward Mott Robinson, of New Bedford, Mass., is sworn at four and a half millions. The will, as now finally sustained, leaves Miss Hetty H. Robinson $900 000 in her own right, $10,000 to each of the executors, $10,000 to the town of South Kingston, R. I., for educational purposes, and the remainder of his estate to his executors, in trust for Miss Robinson. The United States stamp duty on the will amounts to $2 250.

☞ AMUSING INCIDENT OF THE STORM.—This was one of the funny incidents of the storm at Boston, as told by the Journal:—"Two suburban gentlemen, who were obliged to remain in town on Thursday night, were sought by their wives, who scouted the idea of being stopped by the snow, and set out for the city in company in a sleigh driven by an Irish man-servant. They got too far to return, and found themselves snow-bound, but found shelter in a house by the roadside. The husbands meanwhile had started from Boston together in a sleigh, and after many mishaps were compelled to halt for the night in a house the next door to that in which their better halves were quartered. Neither party discovered the proximity of the other, however, until the next morning."

☞ The Arabs have the finest teeth of any people in the world. They are exceedingly white and strong. It is attributable in a great measure to their food, but not altogether. They rince their mouths several times at the beginning of each of their four daily ablutions, and thereby any small alimentary particle that may have stuck between the teeth is carried away. They also chew, about once a week, a bit of bark of a tree, called *sosat*, and which seems to be akin to the walnut tree.

☞ Sixteen hundred divorces have been decreed in Massachusetts in six years.

A Strange Belief.

The Washington Star is responsible for the following:—As strange as it may appear, many of the colored people here cherish the belief that there is a class of physicians who practise "barking," and are addicted to the dissection of live human subjects for the purpose of manufacturing castor oil, and that for this purpose the doctors prefer bodies with a dark cuticle. This opinion is so firmly impressed on their minds that no amount of reasoning will remove it, and we know many of them, particularly juvenile Africans, who will not budge a foot outside their dwellings after dark. An otherwise intelligent "Topsy" employed by us, describes the modus operandi of these imaginary ghouls, by saying, "Dey steal upon called persons unawars, clap a plaster over dair mout to keep um from hollerin' and den drag um away to whar dey lay um on a table and cut up, and den bile um down for lie." This is a cheerful notion for those invalids who use the oil of the palma christa bean as a cathartic.

☞ Alphonzo was fishing. He had flung over the parapet of a bridge his slender line, armed with a hook and fitted with a quill fica', and he waited patiently upon fortune. To him there arrove the sprightly Theodore. "Alphonso, friend of my soul," remarked the latter, "what sport have you had?" "Not even," said Alphonso, with a deep sigh, as he set his float yet once again down its swim, "not even a celebrated Carthagenian general." "Indeed," said Theodore, "are there many of that sort of fish in these waters?" "I did not," said Alphonso, with a grave smile, "mean a fish; I meant An-nibble."

☞ Mount Baldo, in the Italian Tyrol, heretofore quiet as any other mountain, has lately been troubled with volcanic symptoms, and an eruption is expected.

☞ Mrs. Major Williams (formerly Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas) has celebrated the first anniversary of her marriage by presenting her husband with twins.

☞ "Mike, if you meet Patrick, tell him we are waiting for him." "But what shall I tell him if I don't mate him?"

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKE, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. feb2-tf

"The Hair, Scalp and Face."
DR. B. C. PERRY,
Dermatologist, author of the above valuable Book, published and for sale by JAMES MILLER, 522 Broadway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New York, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or scalp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; moles, wens and warts permanently cured; moth patches, freckles, pimples, comedones (called black worms), and all brown discolorations removed from the face.

To remove moth patches, freckles, or any brown discoloration from the skin, ask your druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, or send to Dr. Perry.

No charge for consultations—personally or by letter. dec22-3m

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very dull; about 3000 bbls sold, ranging from $8@8,50 for superfine; $9@10,50 for extra; $11,50@12,75 for low grade and fancy northwest family; $12@14 for Penna and Ohio family, and $14,50@17 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour—250 bbls sold at $7@7,25.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is in fair demand; 3000 bus Penna red sold at $2,80@3,15; 200 bus southern do at $3@3,60; small lots of California at $2,40, and 500 bus of Kentucky white at $3,45. Rye is selling at $1,35@1,38 for western and Penna. Corn—About 47,000 bus new yellow sold at 97c@$1 for Penna and southern, including white, at $1, and 1500 bus old yellow at $1,15. Oats—85,000 bus sold at 57@58c ₩ bus for Delaware and Penna.

PROVISIONS—There is no material change to notice; small sales are reported at $22 for new Mess Pork; 13@15c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams; 12½@13c for pickled do, and 8½@9½c ₩ lb for salt Shoulders. Dressed Hogs are selling at $7@8,25 ₩ 100 lbs. Mess Beef sells in lots at $16@20 for Western, and $22@24 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are held at $32@34 ₩ bbl. Lard; sales of bbls and tcs are making at 12½@13½c ₩ lb, and kegs at 14@15c. Butter; small sales are making at 29@33c for roll; 30@32c for dairy and 15@30c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 12@13c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 28@30c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market continues quiet. About 600 bales of middlings sold in lots at 33½@34c for Uplands, and 34½@35c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

RANK—The last sale of 1st No 1 Quercitron at $53 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL continues very dull; sales are reported at $5@5,25 for White Ash, and $5,25@5,50 ₩ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 59@60c, and choice at 67½@70c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples; sales are making at $4@7 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples; sales at 9@12c ₩ lb, as to quality. Dried Peaches; sales of unpared quarters at 16@17c; halves at 19@20c, and pared at from 30@40c ₩ lb.

HOPS are in fair demand. Prime new sell at 65@70c, and fair to good at 45@60c ₩ lb.

PLASTER—We quote soft at $4,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is rather scarce—200 bus sold at $8@8,50; Timothy ranges at from $3,75@4, and Flaxseed at $2,90@3 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $2,70@2,75 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Small sales of city rendered are making at 11@11½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market continues very dull. About 50,000 pounds sold at from 62@65c for double extra; 58@60c for extra; 55@57c for fine; 50@52c for medium; 43@48c for coarse; 45@55c for tub washed; 60@65c for extra Western pulled, and 31@37c ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 5@6½ ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6@7½ cts ₩ lb. 1200 Hogs sold at from $9,00@10,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,
A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.
By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.
By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

"A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE
GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND
Cure Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a
GOOD AND TRIED MEDICINE.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov17-3m

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—When all else has failed, the physician falls back upon Holloway's Pills and Ointment. Now why do ye not all begin where the physician leaves off? Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Jan., by the Right Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, D. D., Bishop of New Jersey, and afterwards by Hon. Morton McMichael, Mayor of Philada., WILLIAM G. MONNIGLE to MARIA E., daughter of Isaac P. Baker, Esq.

On the 14th of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. URIAH L. PICKEL to Miss LIZZIE VAN ARSDALEN, both of this city.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. WILLIAM R. SAYBERT to Miss JENNIE McILHAIN, both of this city.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. P. Coombe, Capt. DENNIS SHAW, of Cape May co., N. J., to Miss EMMA B. SHAW, of Cumberland co., N. J.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, AMERICUS R. UNDERBROWN to Miss MARY SMITH, daughter of J. A. Smith, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Jan., 1867, at her residence in Doylestown, Mrs. MARY HUSBAND, author of "Aunt Mary's Tales," "Ornaments Discovered," and many other highly popular books.

On the 28th of Jan., S. JEANIE, wife of Thos. M. Kerr, in her 29th year.

On the 29th of Jan., FREDERICK BUCKING, in his 68th year.

On the 29th of Jan., JAMES ARNOLD, in his 69th year.

On the 27th of Jan., WILLIAM P. HATFIELD, in his 50th year.

On the 27th of Jan., DANIEL M. DIEHLE, in his 37th year.

On the 29th of Jan., WILLIAM MINTZER, in his 47th year.

On the 26th of Jan., ELIZABETH, relict of the late Edward Evans, aged 63 years.

On the 25th of Jan., Mr. ANDREW SHEPHERD, aged 39 years.

On the 25th of Jan., CATHARINE, wife of the late Alex. Clark, aged 40 years.

MENDENHALL'S
Improved Self-Acting
HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST
of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

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Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

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HISTORY OF THE LATE CIVIL WAR,
Splendidly Illustrated and bound in elegant style. Its low price (only $2.50) places it within the reach of all. It is complete, reliable and impartial, and is just the Book that is now wanted. Our Agents make from $100 to $200 per month. For descriptive Circulars, with Catalogue, address

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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
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Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements,* at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	68

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Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
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Polished Table,	$75
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

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AND THE

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER.

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER, with cog-wheels, has taken the FIRST PREMIUM at the State Fair of all the Northern States; also the First Premium at the last two Fairs of the American Institute; AND HAS JUST BEEN AWARDED THE FIRST PREMIUM BY THE UNANIMOUS VOTE OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND FAIR OF 1866, AFTER THE MOST SCRUTINIZING TRIAL OF THE VARIOUS MACHINES OF NUMEROUS COMPETITORS.

The Wringer, without injury to the most delicate garments, wrings clothes almost dry and never gets tired.

ORANGE JUDD, says: "It is a *clothes saver,* a *time saver* and a *strength-saver.* We think the machine more than pays for itself every year in the saving of garments. We think the Wringer should be fitted with cogs."

SOLON ROBINSON says: "My family would as soon give up the cooking stove as *this* Clothes Wringer. It cannot be too highly recommended."

The Rev. Dr. BELLOWS says: "I heartily commend it to economists of time, money and contentment."

From R. S. STORRS, Jr., D. D.

It saves labor, expedites work, makes the laundress good natured, does not tear off buttons—whatever that mysterious declaration may mean!—and is indispensable in a well-regulated family.

From the Rev. THEO. L. CUYLER.

Life is too short and human strength too precious for our woman-kind to be kept at the old process of clothes washing and wringing. In the laundry of my home there is perpetual thanksgivings on Mondays for the invention of your excellent Wringer. I wish human hearts could be cleansed as easily.

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE has again been awarded the FIRST PREMIUM AT THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND FAIR OF 1866. ALSO AT THE STATE FAIRS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, NEW YORK, MICHIGAN, WISCONSIN, MINNESOTA, IOWA, &c., AND TOOK THE FIRST PREMIUM (THE SILVER MEDAL) AT THE LAST FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

These are the cheapest and best machines for washing and wringing clothes. The Washer, using *boiling* hot suds, saves three-fourths the labor and time; takes out all the dirt; no sore hands; no foul air; no injury to the clothes.

SOLON ROBINSON says: "I assure you 'our machine,' after a year's use, is thought more of to-day than ever, and would not be parted with under any consideration."

Mr. ORANGE JUDD, Editor of The American Agriculturist, says: "Our better-half says this is taken to most kindly by the 'help,' and that she cannot persuade them to use any other while this is at hand."

Prof. YOUMANS, M. D., says: "Our family is not small, but a smart girl, 11 years old, did the washing last week in about four hours, and that, too, more as a frolic than a task."

Bishop SCOTT, of the M. E. Church, Odessa, Del., says: "I took hold (which, of course, I should not have done if we had no machine), and in 2½ hours we put through eleven dozen pieces, many of which were sheets, and they were well done, too. We like our machine much; could not be persuaded to do without it."

WHAT THE PRESS SAY OF IT.

The rich might do without these machines, but the *poor,* who must value time, labor and the saving of clothes, have to look on them as household necessities.—*Working Farmer.*

It is worth $1 per week in any family.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Growing in favor the more it is used. We like it.—*Prairie Farmer, Chicago.*

It really merits all the good that can be said of it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Easily worked, and does its work well.—*Ohio Farmer.*

After a fair trial we give it the preference over all others.—*Iowa Homestead.*

It is the very best machine for washing clothes we ever saw.—*New Haven Journal and Courier.*

Exclusive right of sale given the first responsible applicant from each town.

Illustrated circulars, giving wholesale and retail terms, sent free.

On receipt of the price from places where no one is selling, we will send one Washer and one Wringer, either or both, free of freight charges. Family size Washer, $14; Wringers, $10, and $8,50.

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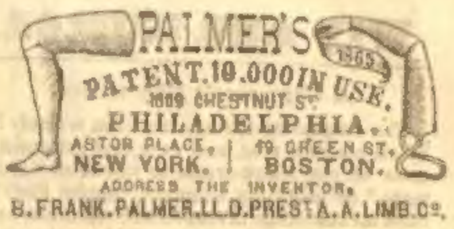

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Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations,* and full information for *persons in want of limbs,* sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
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" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

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MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
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FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at 12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	" 1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 3.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	" 9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	" 11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

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Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

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PARKESBURG TRAIN	at 9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.30	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
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Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, ap7-9m No. 127 Dock Street.

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Cured without pain, use of the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address
DRS. BABCOCK & SON,
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A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp,
MRS. M. MERRITT,
P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec6-1yt

A HEAVY BEARD
In five weeks is warranted those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. It will not injure the skin and *never fails.* Sent, closely sealed, and post-paid, for 50 cents. W. C. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. jan19-3m

$30,000.
FOR A FORTUNE, AND NO DECEPTION.
Address HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.
jan12-13t

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Drummer's Experience.

The stagnation of trade has been severely felt by all business men, and even that enterprising class of our fellow-creatures known as "drummers," or travelling salesmen, despite their almost inexhaustible invention and resources, have been obliged occasionally to yield to the pressure of the times.

One of these gentlemen, who has recently returned from a trip for Thistle Bros. & Co., of this city, did not show a very large exhibit of orders to balance the liberal expense account allowed him by the firm, and Mr. Thistle, after looking over his return, said—

"Mr. Rataplan, I am afraid you do not approach the dealers in the right way; *I* used to be very successful in this line. Now just suppose *me* to be Mr. Bigher, of Sellout, Ill., and show me the way you introduce the house."

Accordingly Rataplan stepped out of the counting-room and re-entered, hat in hand, inquiring, "Is Mr. Bigher in?"

"That is my name," said Thistle, urbanely.

"My name is Rataplan, sir; I represent the house of Thistle Bros. & Co., of Boston. (Thistle, in his character of Western merchant, here rose, offered the salesman a chair, and expressed his pleasure at seeing him.)

"I am stopping with Overcharge, at the Stickem House, and have a fine unbroken lot of samples which I should like to show you; think we can offer you some special advantages," &c. And Rataplan delivered himself of a neat speech in professional style.

"Very well, very well," said Thistle; "I don't see but that you understand the way to get at customers."

"Excuse me, Mr. Thistle," said Rataplan; "I am afraid *you* do not understand the style of Western merchants just now; suppose you exchange places with me, and we repeat this rehearsal."

"Certainly," said Thistle, and picking up his hat, he stepped out. Returning, he found Rataplan with his chair tilted back, hat cocked fiercely over his right eye, his heels planted on Thistle's polished desk, and a lighted cigar between his teeth.

Thistle looked a little staggered, but nevertheless he commenced:—

"Is Mr. Bigher in?"

"Yes, he is," responded Rataplan, blowing a cloud of pure Connecticut into Thistle's eyes. "Who in thunder are you?"

"I represent the house of Thistle Bros. & Co.," said the astonished employer, coughing out about a quart of smoke from his throat.

"The blazes you do; are you one of that concern?"

"No, sir, I am not," said Thistle.

"Well, it's lucky for you that you are not, for I've had two drummers to one customer in my store for the last two months, and if I could get hold of one of the blasted fools that send 'em out here at this time, I'm durned if I wouldn't boot him clean out of the town of Sellout."

"That'll do, that'll do, Mr. Rataplan," said Thistle; "I have no doubt you did the best you could for the interest of the house. Trade is a little dull."—*Commercial Bulletin.*

Anecdote of General Lee.

The editor of the Galveston (Texas) Civilian, in a letter from New Orleans, mentioning an interview with Gen. James Longstreet, states that he "heard from his own truthful tongue the following characteristic anecdote of Gen. Robert E. Lee. On one occasion Gen. Lee called Col. L., one of his staff officers, into his tent, and commenced dictating while Col. L. wrote. Col. L. had in his mouth a pipe, and was smoking. The general inhaled the noxious vapor until his patience became exhausted, and then said: 'Col. L., you can retire, and send me Col. M.; he does not smoke.' Col. L. retired, and in a few moments Col. M. entered, to whom the general commenced dictating, but after inhaling the atmosphere of the tent for a while, he discovered it to be considerably impregnated, not with the perfume of roses, but the odious smell of villainous whiskey, which he could not stand. 'Retire, Col. M., and send me an officer who neither drinks nor smokes; I would rather endure the smoke of tobacco than the smell of whiskey.'"

Taking Her at Her Word.

The late Rev. Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, was a simple-minded clergyman of the old school. When a young man he paid his addresses to a lady in the parish, and his suit was accepted on the condition that it met the approval of the lady's mother. Accordingly, the doctor waited upon the matron; and, stating the case, the good woman, delighted at the proposal, passed the usual Scottish compliment, "Deed, doctor, you're far owre guid for our Janet. I'm sure she's no guid eno' for ye."

"Weel, weel," was the rejoinder, "ye ken best, so we'll say nae mair about it." No more was said, and the social intercourse of the parties continued on the same footing as before. About forty years after, Dr. Wightman died a bachelor, and the lady an old maid.

BY WAY OF NEW ORLEANS.—An old gentleman living in the interior of Mississippi, some years ago sent his son to New Orleans to accept a mercantile situation offered him. He was a youth of high moral character, and his father took great pains to acquaint him with the fact that vice in its most attractive garb would surround him constantly. "But," said he, "remember, my son, that your religion will carry you safely. Only resist the temptation to do wrong, and you will not fail to reach heaven at last; and the man who goes to heaven by the way of New Orleans deserves the highest reward of the righteous!"

ROOM FOR AN INFERENCE.—Lawyer C.—(entering his friend's, Dr. M———'s, office, and speaking in a hoarse whisper)—"Fred, I've got such a cold this morning, I can't speak the truth."

Dr. M.—"Well, I'm glad it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

C. finds enough of his voice to mutter some antiquated remarks about doctors being legalized murderers, &c., and bolts off to meet an engagement.

☞ A Yankee girl, who wished to hire herself out, was asked if she had any followers or sweethearts. After a little hesitation, she replied: "Well, now, can't exactly say. I be a sorter courted, and a sorter not. Reckon more a sorter yes than a sorter no."

PROBABLE.

"Hallo, old boy, you've got a bad cold, I see. Caught it perhaps on the sleighing party the other night?"

"No, indeed, I assure you. It is all owing to my having cold coffee the next morning at breakfast. My constitution never could stand cold coffee."

Good Teeth.

Young ladies, a fine set of pearly white teeth (of your own) will be of greater service to you in getting a good husband, a man of fine, elevated tastes, than the stocks, bonds and mortgages of your father. A little further investigation will add both to the beauty and truthfulness of this bread-of-grain theory. The people of Landes eat their bread with all the lime in it. We throw the lime away and eat the remainder. Landes and Savoy are out-of-the-way countries. The inhabitants are small farmers and poor; hence are careful, waste nothing and prepare their food in the most primitive manner. In short, they eat the whole grain, either boiling it as we do rice or cracked wheat, or pound or grind it into coarse meal for bread, thus consuming the whole grain, husk, kernel, pith, heart and all.

It is true of grains as it is of the potato—the most nutritious and wholesome part is that immediately under the outer skin. The outer eighth of an inch of the potato contains more nourishment than all the remainder. Thus it is that the outer portion of ground grain, called the "bran," is richest in nutriment, and contains nearly all lime; but, refining it away, in our efforts to get a "fine" and "white" flour, we but eat the refuse and throw away the substance, and thus lose the lime, which gives strength to the bones, durability to the teeth, and vigor to the brain, through the pure, perfect and life-giving blood which the consumption of the whole grain makes.

In point of physical vigor and development, it would be of incalculable value to our country if the children were allowed to take nothing for their breakfast and supper, as their general habit, until the twelfth year is completed, but milk, with mush, cracked wheat, porridge, or other forms of food which include the entire grain. Oatmeal porridge is the main article of food in most Scotch families, and they are among the most enduring race of men. Their tenacity, their power of adherence, of "holding on," has become a proverb, not only physically, but morally.

☞ A curate who adopted a monotonous whine in his prayers, on being remonstrated with by his diocesan, pleaded that such a tone was proper to acts of supplication, because beggars always assumed a whine when they asked for alms. The bishop replied: "Yes; but when they do I always know that they are impostors, and give nothing."

☞ A Scotch writer in the English Agricultural Gazette says that superphosphate seems to have lost its power with him, and does not do well on his land, though a few years ago it produced marvellous results. Another says guano does no good now, whilst fourteen years ago the smallest dusting showed a marked effect.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WINTER FEED FOR DAIRY COWS.

Good feeding makes fat cattle. That is a satisfactorily settled question. But the question as to the most judicious feeding of milk cows during winter, is not nearly so well settled. It is not the most liberal feeding always, or very often, in fact, that makes the most milk. In winter, the month of February is the falling off in milk period with the large majority of dairy cows, so that through March and April, the supply of milk and butter, in all parts of the country where cattle require stabling and winter feeding, is considerably below that of December and January.

The reason of the falling off in milk about this period is obvious enough if we only set our thinking gear and common sense in operation. Two months of inactivity begins to tell on the animal organization, and disarrange the digestive functions, and though the cow may have an appetite to eat her full allowance of food, she has not her usual ability to dispose of it as it ought to be to produce the largest quantity or the best quality of milk. The fact is cows under such conditions become temporary dyspeptics. Not actually beset by any alarming organic disease, but seriously afflicted with uncomfortable stomach complaints—a feverishness and local internal inflammation, inimical to the making of milk.

If we subject the excrement of stabled cattle to a fair chemical analysis every few days, beginning at the time they are put up, and continued through the stabling season, we shall find that through the months of February and March, it contains a considerably larger per centum of unexhausted blood and bone, milk and fat making material, than it did during the first two months of stabling, and just so much material has been lost to the animal and ourselves. That is self-evident.

The necessities of a dyspeptic mother with an infant are nursing bottles and wet nurses. So with a cow long stabled and rendered a dyspeptic by inactivity. She is incapable of rearing a healthy calf. It is true a cow may be stabled in utter idleness during her unnatural life, and her flow of milk maintained to a maximum standard as to quantity by stuffing with rich slops, etc., but it is miserable swill milk—not fit to make butter—only fit to murder children, and man-slaughter grown-up people.

The remedy for this falling off in quantity, and deterioration in quality of milk usually becoming most unpleasantly perceptible at about this season, is, we believe, within the easy reach of almost every farmer, dairyman, or other person keeping milk cows, and they stabled during the winter. Certain of success, too, we know from self experience, and that of some ten farmer friends who have pursued the practice these dozen years or more.

The first requisite in all cases is free ventilation—we don't mean indiscriminate airing—stables so open on all sides that a pigeon may fly through without clipping a wing; but a snug, warm berth, kept always clean, with openings close up to the ceiling that can be opened, half opened, closed, partially closed, and regulated at will according as the outside atmosphere is mild or severe, thereby affording a free circulation of pure air within the stable.

Next important step is, exercise—regular, daily, and moderate exercise. Every morning after milking, and again in the afternoon, unless storms prevent, turn out the stabled stock and treat them to a promenade of a mile or so and return at a moderate walk. No racing and running them; but a reasonable, ordinary walk abroad and home. Don't plead trouble, and want of time. It is the leisure season—always some one that can perform the office of escort just as well as not without interfering a mite with other duties.

Next thing is a resort to a judicious, common-sense rule of diet. Vary the dry hay, unground grain, and raw meal course, with cooked food. Let the hay, especially for milk cows, be steamed, soft and tender for at least one-half the meals. Where grain is fed, let it be corn and oats in equal proportions, ground coarsely, steamed or about half boiled, salted a little, and mixed with the hay, or good, bright straw chaffed. Change from two to three meals a day at regular intervals, reducing the quantity of food—not in the quantity per day, but by dividing the two feedings into three. Feed corn fodder at this season, and where they are on hand, or to be had, roots, well washed, and sliced in a root cutter, as an agreeable and wholesome change of diet. Fall into this practice, and you will most certainly find it a paying one, and good for the cows.

PLUMS ON CHERRY STOCKS.

The *Maine Farmer* has a seasonable and sensible editorial article upon the subject of grafting the plum on the common wild cherry. The editor has seen the Washington plum grafted on the wild cherry stock and growing thriftily, guessing the while that grafts of any other kind of plums will do just as well on the cherry.

That is a correct guess, *Brother Boardman.* We can clinch it with fixed facts. Fourteen years ago, we saw a friend in Lewis Co., West Virginia, an ingenious amateur horticulturist, grafting eight or nine different varieties of plums—among them the wild, mountain, red and yellow plums, very common in the hills of Western Virginia, on wild cherry stocks—or at least about half were of the regular, wild-wood variety, the others being of the common domestic black cherries gone wild by being sown broadcast by birds. Four years later, on visiting our friend, we found the experiment an entire and very satisfactory success; only in several instances, the plum being of more vigorous habits, the graft had greatly overgrown the stocks, and breaking off at the junction was the consequence. In after experiments that difficulty was obviated by using larger cherry stocks, cutting closer to the ground, and checking the plum growth by pruning, inducing a lower growth and semi-dwarf habits.

We were in among those cherry plums again in the second year of the war, in August, when much of the fruit was ripe, and found the trees bearing bountifully, free from black-knot and all other diseases to which our modern plum trees are so generally subject, while the fruit was free from curculio and greatly improved in size and quality, especially the hill plums. We should never have recognized in the fine, fair, tender-skinned, sugary red and yellow fruit, descendants of the wild mountaineers.

As our friend finally went away to war, and left himself on the field of Chattanooga, leaving no legitimate successor, we have had no data in reference to the cherry plums since August, 1862; but we saw enough previously to satisfy us that putting plums on cherry stocks was a paying practice that a good many fruit-growers elsewhere having knotty, diseased plum trees, would do well to imitate.

SCRAPING FRUIT TREES.

There can be no better season than this sharp, snapping, winter weather, to scale and scrape off the shabby, dead, outer jackets of old fruit trees—apple and pear trees especially. They grow the roughest. But peach, plum, and cherry trees may all come in for a light scratch, with advantage. Not an atom of benefit in any way to the tree—all those shabby scales, and dead, rough bark. Dig it off, unkennel and turn out in the cold to freeze to death, millions of parasites, and embryo pests that next spring and summer will otherwise make havoc with trees and fruit. Snug harbors for the young pirates—all those seams and scales. Scrape off smooth and clean, taking care not to wound the live bark. We find a dull drawing-knife the most efficient implement. Having smoothed off the trees, paint them with mixture of lime, wood ashes, any brown paint, enough to make a natural tree color—gas tar enough to make it adhesive, and mix up with brine—any old beef, pork or fish pickle will answer. Lay on a liberal coat, and the trees are fortified well against cold and invasion for two years ahead.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——Tennessee is following Georgia's lead on the road to domestic independence. Building mills, machine shops and factories, and going to make up a large proportion of her own material.

——Potatoes in Montana six cents a pound. That wouldn't be a dear dinner anywhere—a pound potato boiled or roasted, and a pinch of salt.

——Paying branch of agriculture, stock raising. Our friend, J. R. Harding, of Bloomfield, Ill., turns out 200 head of fat cattle per annum, lying back in summer time in the shade, to see dollars grow, and sitting by the fire in cold, winter weather, enjoying life. Comfortable, too, stock raising.

——We have nothing practically tangible to predicate a prophecy upon, but we do predict for 1867 a bigger yield of better grapes than we have ever seen in this country. Just make a note and see.

——B. P. W. wants an analysis made of the soil of his farm, and writes:—"How much shall I send?" Send the whole farm, or nothing. This analysing farms by sample is an absolute humbug.

——Somebody in Maine raised 559 bushels of potatoes on six-eighths of an acre of ground. Somebody else says so.

RECEIPTS.

IMITATION OX MOCK-TURTLE SOUP.—Put into a pan a knuckle of veal, two fine cow heels or two calve's feet, two onions, a few cloves, peppers, berries of allspice, mace, and sweet herbs; cover them with water, then tie a thick paper over the pan and set it in an oven for three hours. When cold take off the fat very nicely; cut the meat and feet into bits an inch and a half square; remove the bones and coarse parts, and then put the rest on to warm, with a large spoonful of walnut and one of mushroom ketchup, half a pint of sherry or Madeira wine, a little mushroom powder, and the jelly of the meat. When hot, if it requires any further seasoning, add some, and serve with hard eggs, forcemeat balls, a squeeze of lemon, and a spoonful of soy. This is a very easy way, and the dish is excellent.

VEGETABLES.—The following may be taken as the common form to make all sorts of *purées*:—Boil the vegetables with salt, and if they be green ones, a little soda. When thoroughly done, drain them well and pass through a hair sieve. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour, mix it well and throw in the vegetable pulp, stir and proceed to flavor with pepper and powdered spices, or the spices in a muslin bag may be boiled with the vegetables in the first instance, and at that stage also must be put in the onions, &c., if they be required. The last part of the process consists in moistening the *purée* with broth, stock, milk, or cream, until it is of the required consistency, and then it is ready to be served. A *purée* for a soup is improved by having a small pat of fresh butter put into it at the time of serving. The inside of a French roll added to the vegetables before they are passed through the sieve may be used instead of flour at the next stage of the process. A little sugar may be advantageously added to certain *purées*, such as peas, Jerusalem artichokes, and onions.

LEMON PUDDING.—One teacupful of boiling water, one tablespoonful of corn starch, mixed with a little water, one teacupful of sifted sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, juice and rind of one lemon. Pour this mixture into the boiling water; then pour it on to the butter and sugar; beat the egg, and, when cool, put it in; have the paste ready in the plates, and pour it in and bake.—S. F.

SPONGE CAKE—VERY FINE.—Seven eggs, ½ lb. sugar, ½ lb. flour, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 2 wine glasses of water added to the sugar. Boil till clear; beat the whites and yolks separately; when light, mix them together, and pour the boiling sugar over them; when entirely cool stir in the sifted flour slowly, and stir lightly as possible; next, the grated lemon and juice.—S. F.

JELLIED PUDDING.—One-third of a box of gelatin dissolve in one pint of hot water; add the juice of one lemon; sweeten to taste; beat up the whites of three eggs; add a little powdered sugar; mix them lightly, but well; pour into a deep dish, to stiffen in a cool place.—M. N.

Strips of citron may be mixed through while stiffening.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Put one quart pared and cored apples, half tablespoonful of sugar, half gill of water, a small piece of cinnamon, in a small porcelain-lined kettle; cook, and then strain through a colander; line a tin mould with bread crumbs, using melted butter to stick them on; put bread crumbs on top, after putting in the apple; bake it, and it will turn out of the mould; sauce of sugar, butter, nutmeg, mixed.

H. W. S.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 3, 7, 13, 9, 4, is to initiate.
My 8, 9, 12, 13, is a name of a plant.
My 4, 12, 10, 14, is a break.
My 2, 3, 12, 13, is to encounter.
My 5, 6, 7, is a male descendant.
My 11, 1, 14, is used by fishermen.
My whole is the name of a well known writer.

CLARA N. PERINE.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, when the flowers have faded,
And coldness wraps the earth,
Drapes nature in careful beauty,
And calls the young to mirth.
My second, tho' small in its compass,
Can sometimes fatal be,
And joined with many in volume,
Can help to swell the sea.
Sometimes by skillful artists
'Tis formed of jewels rare,
And we note it all resplendent,
Decking the gay and fair.
My whole, when the north wind whistles,
And fields are robed in gloom,
Starts up thro' its frosty cover,
In sweet and tender bloom.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in earth, but never in ground.
My second is in beagle, but never in hound.
My third is in snow, but never in cold.
My fourth is in fearless, but never in bold.
My fifth is in color, but never in hue.
My sixth is in moisture, but never in dew.
My seventh is in come, but never in send.
My whole was a youth who had a sad end.

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose the earth to be a perfect sphere of 8,000 miles diameter. Suppose a ship starts from the equator and steers continually to the northwest at the rate of ten miles an hour, and at the same time a privateer starts from the equator 5 degrees to the eastward of the ship, and steers continually towards it at the rate of 15 miles an hour. Required—the *curve* described by the ship and privateer, and the distance each has run when the ship is overtaken.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are five men, the sum of whose ages amount to 21 years more than 11 times the age of the youngest among them. The ages of the first and second added together are to the added ages of the other three men as 4 is to 5. The sum of the ages of the second and third is to the sum of the ages of the other three as 5 is to 7. The sum of the ages of the third and fourth is to the sum of the ages of the other three as 7 is to 11. The sum of the ages of the fourth and fifth is to the sum of the ages of the other three as 17 is to 19. And the sum of the ages of the fifth and first of the men is to the sum of the ages of the other three as 5 is to 13. What is the age of each of these five men respectively?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What ceases to be done at night, and is good only once a year? Ans.—Good Friday.

☞ Why is an instrument for shooting like a certain agricultural instrument? Ans.—Because its an arrow (harrow.)

☞ Why is a man attempting to lift an enormous weight like another swallowing a black draught? Ans.—Because he is testing his *physical* powers.

☞ Why is the memory of Washington like genuine French brandy? Ans.—Because it is *dear* to the American people.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Wilful waste makes woeful want."
CHARADE—Mat.

Answer to D. H. Pingrey's PROBLEM, Nov. 17th—70 per cent. D. H. Pingrey.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, same date—Length, 160 rods; breadth, 90 rods. W. H. Morrow.

Answer to Delta's PROBLEM of same date—12.64911064 perches. Daniel Diefenbach.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of Nov. 24th—A grinds 4.08 inches, B grinds 4.85 inches, and C the remainder. Cubic contents of stone, 5832, 2 cubic inches. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Wm. H. Morrow's PROBLEM same date—B lost $405 $\frac{726}{1261}$, A gained $526 $\frac{330}{5832}$, C gained $294 $\frac{4795}{5832}$. William H. Morrow.

The Jews.

The Jews are catching the spirit of reform and progress. They are building a synagogue in the fashionable part of New York, to cost $600,000. The congregation is of the reformed order—families are to sit together—the ram's horn gives place to an elegant organ. They hold that much of the law of Moses is sanitary, not moral, and not obligatory under a different clime. The hog in Palestine was diseased; if Moses could have tasted our Cincinnati ham, he would not have forbidden it. The oysters of Syria were coppery; not so the New York oysters. Had the Jews been in Russia the law against building a fire on Sunday would not have been created, as the nation would have frozen to death!